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CAN WE ELIMINATE FEAR?

Editorial Foreword

IN 1930 American enterprise yielded to befuddlement. In 1931 befuddlement gave way to discouragement. In 1932 discouragement was succeeded in its turn by a reign of fear. Fear, according to some teachers, is the root of all the evils, including worry. According to others it is the result, not the source, of stupid habits of mind and of conduct. Fear is not the inevitable result of bad luck, foul play, or pestilence. More to be feared is fear that comes from personal cowardice in the face of good fortune. The fear of the successful business man that his profits may not be as large next year as they are this is often more acute than the fear of a sick man of independent courage at the point of death. In America the chief cause of fear is selfishness. We need not impugn the profit motive or legitimate self-interest to admit that the deterioration of the sense of social obligation and responsibility was the chief cause of the American debacle of March 3, 1933.

II

TO-DAY FEAR has fled the great expanses of our country and given place to new courage and hope. Fear seems to be lingering now only in the old financial centers, especially in downtown New York. The week before Christmas, when the car loadings of the railroads had in-

creased more than in any corresponding week within fifteen years, when the shops, even in New York City, were so congested with happy purchasers that it was difficult to crowd to one's counter, that week of hope the stock market was heavy with gloom, and investors were dumping securities. The fear of uncertainty had broken out again — the fear of war in Europe and with Japan, fear of the elimination of huge profits in spite of business revival, fear of the present Congress and inflation, and fear that, after all, there will be no inflation. Above all loomed the fear that the new American social order might be more humane than the old.

Uncertainty ought, of course, to be no cause for fear. Uncertainty ought to be a stimulus to the courage and equanimity of pioneers. Any stability which guarantees the success of selfishness is bound to be short-lived and suicidal and to break down eventually into chaos.

Better the uncertainty of a jittering foreign exchange than the sinister complacency of the leadership of a Mitchell or a Wiggan. The revelations of selfishness on the grand scale by so-called bankers before the Senate investigation were not reassuring even to Wall Street. The blustering adventure of Mr. Mitchell with other people's money seemed less sinister when compared with the calm, calculating self-

interest of Mr. Wiggin. Mr. Wiggin started life with a clean record. He practiced banking as a profession rather than a racket. It must be remembered that there was a time when a bank was a social institution like a post office or a church or a hospital. A banker lived to serve his fellow men in legitimate business much as a physician lives to help his patients to better health. The American banker was so altruistic that he sometimes loaned money on no collateral except the integrity of character. Bankers still have that high sense of social obligation to-day in England and Canada.

But Mr. Wiggin yielded to the smug ethics of the age of greed. We read that while with his right hand in 1929 he was ostensibly stabilizing the stock market, with his left he was authorizing his private corporation to make millions by selling short the stock of his own bank. In the following years, when the salaries of his employees were being cut, and the equity of his stockholders depreciated, Mr. Wiggin accepted a princely salary from his bank. When he retired, rich in a land of suffering, he accepted, in spite of his poor management, an annual pension of \$100,000. Even the ghost of Cicero groaned, "*O mores!*" Now we rejoice to learn that his successor, Mr. Aldrich, has swept house and rededicated the Chase Bank to the ancient and honorable pursuit of banking.

III

EVEN IN the depths of the depression all Americans were not smitten by fear. Clergymen, by and large, and college professors, in spite of shrinking salaries, were rather pleasant chaps to meet on the street corner, like shafts of sunlight through the pervading gloom. Professional social workers also, though usually very sober folk, were not as discouraged by the increasing distress as they had been by the exploitation of the fat years. There was one American whose smile was even more courageous than that of Will Rogers. The hopefulness of Franklin D. Roosevelt was grounded on the patient personal conquest of a physical affliction that had threatened him with annihilation. He feared no adversary of mind or of body. Other hopeful Americans gathered about him,

and the majority made him its leader.

What happened to America in 1933? In real wealth we are not assured of substantial gain. Our real progress has been in the elimination of fear. From coast to coast hopefulness and resolution have supplanted fear on millions of faces. The unemployed know now that the end will not be starvation. The elimination of the possibility of excessive profits in the immediate future through the need of distributing jobs instead of dividends has revived the hope of the workingman. Even the farmers, for whom the riddle of livelihood has not yet been solved, have lost their attitude of dejection and desperation and risen in grim determination to get their rights in the New Deal.

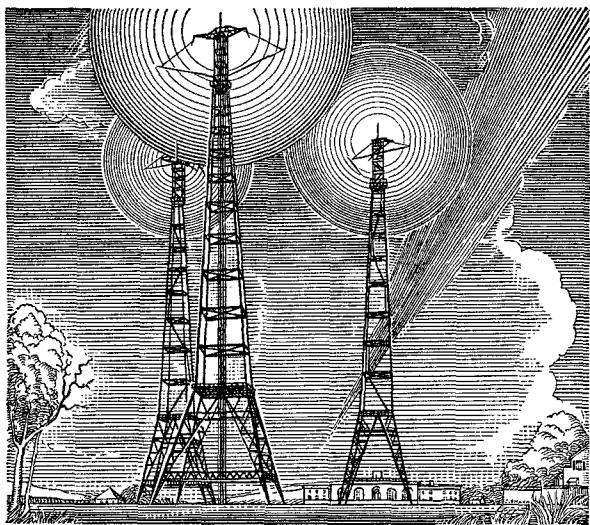
Foreigners notice the change in American faces. During the boom days of prosperity our foreign critics often commented on the expressions of dejection they observed on American faces in repose. What has brought about this change? More than anything else the elimination of fear is due to the reaffirmation of the Golden Rule, to the attempt to arouse in every one of us a sense of social responsibility side by side with healthy self-interest, to the revival of team play on a national scale. *Whosoever shall lose his life shall find it.*

Armed with the Golden Rule we have set our faces to reorganize the economic life of America on an equitable basis. We are attempting to redistribute supply so that it will satisfy demand, to allow our huge surplus production to provide a more abundant life for the average citizen. Once before since the World War a glorious dream, a great ideal was presented to the American people, when Woodrow Wilson offered us the League of Nations. We were not sufficiently educated to envisage that ideal and we tore it asunder. Now a new, a national ideal is offered us, a truce to greed, an interregnum of unselfishness to speed recovery, a nation-wide co-operation for the good of all. Have we now the intelligence to grasp that ideal? Have we the patriotism to develop a social conscience? Have we the patience and self-sacrifice to see it through to success?

Henry Goddard Leach

RADIO NEEDS A REVOLUTION

BY EDDIE DOWLING



Drawing by John J. Shayn

THE STATE of radio to-day is one of legal chaos. It is a chaos that has been perpetuated indefinitely by the Congressional act of 1927 — an act founded on accident and ignorance and jealously guarded by the powerful monopoly that to-day wields an iron mace over the entire radio field.

It has never been fully realized that radio is a public utility — a public utility whose existence is not yet vital in the public welfare (though it is rapidly becoming so) but which is nevertheless capable, if properly organized and operated, of being a tremendous influence for the general good. At the same time, radio has one organic characteristic which sets it apart from the industries we ordinarily regard as public utilities and makes desirable a somewhat different organization and treatment of it: it partakes very distinctly of the nature of journalism. In view of this fact, both government ownership and regulated monopoly lose the attractiveness they have as a plan of operation for the average public utility. Nobody wants the great newspapers of the country to be controlled by the government, nor is their

control by one great pool of ownership and interest a happy prospect from the standpoint of vigorous, disinterested journalism. Thus it becomes evident that we must seek a solution for the problems of radio in another quarter.

II

LET US GO back for a moment. It is not our purpose here to discuss how the radio business came, or rather grew, into the hands of the electrical business. Probably it was because radio developed with such stunning speed that nobody realized what it would be good for when perfected. It is our concern, however, to ask why radio broadcasting to-day should be in the hands of electrical combines. The invention of the linotype did not turn the policy and practice of journalism over to mechanics and machinery salesmen. Nor did the invention of talking pictures turn the film industry over to sound engineers or apparatus salesmen. And yet radio, already as great a factor in our national life as one of these and rapidly becoming a serious rival of the other, is and always has been dominated absolutely by the close knit industries of its technical manufacturing and production branches.

If this domination had advanced the best interests or raised the standards of either public or radio we might say that the end justified the means and allow it to continue for the sake of the results it was producing. The contrary, however, has been only too true. The public has been ignored in the frantic rush to obtain contracts from the advertisers, who are not always as closely in touch with public sentiment as they think. And what has been done with the income from the fat advertising fees? Their recipients have built up an impregnable monopoly that has crushed enterprise, originality, and profit uniformly in the small, local station. It is a talent monopoly, possible because

theatrical or any other talent gravitates naturally to a few great centers; and by giving the local station as little as twenty per cent of its regular card rate for a place in the network program, its holders force the independent station to string along or go out of business. Usually it has chosen the former.

The result of all this is that the two dominating factors in radio receive from advertising and from Artist's Bureau commissions an income of forty million dollars a year, and at the same time it is an economic impossibility to operate profitably more than a fraction of the six hundred radio stations in the country!

And what of the programs sponsored by the advertisers who are pouring this wealth into the coffers of the monopoly? Let me quote a comment by "Aircaster," well-known radio critic for the daily newspapers: "All radio programs have two points in common: one is lack of originality, the other is banality of commercial announcements."

In my opinion the unfortunate truth in this statement is the result of radio's utter neglect of both theatrical experience and editorial judgment. Absence of showmanship and lack of theater sense are conspicuous over the air. And whereas journalism realizes that value to advertisers of commercial material cannot continue to increase if news, entertainment, or other interest value decreases, radio in its mad quest for profits has not stopped to realize anything of the sort. Hence it has never exercised normal editorial supervision of programs in the interest of listeners. It has sold its front page, sold its editorial page, sold anything and everything without reservation to keep that rich income rolling in. I will not pause to quote a certain proverb concerning a goose and an egg. I will repeat, however, one more comment by "Aircaster": "Radio advertising is at a point where it is possible to claim anything, deny everything, and prove nothing."

III

ON two further points has the radio industry in its present state failed to come up to a reasonable standard. The first of these is presentation of that type of program best known as cultural or educational. Many people will insist that the inclusion of material of this type is a duty, a positive obligation of radio to

the public. Now this is at best a debatable point if radio is to be operated under private ownership and on a profit basis. But no matter what one's personal conclusions on the subject, there is still good ground for argument that in neglecting nearly all but the most trivial, most banal sources of entertainment the radio and its advertisers are blind to an opportunity for capturing the valuable interest of that portion of the public which is capable of appreciating better program standards. It is a small portion, to be sure, but let it be remembered that there are newspapers which make a conscious editorial effort to maintain standards above those of the average, and that newspapers are run on advertising revenue. And why cannot the radio raise its standards? Simply because of the present network system, on which any sponsored program, because there are but a very few channels in which to put it on the air, must suit its material to the average of millions of listeners. Judicious division of networks and more local autonomy in program selection would enable the comparatively small audience of intelligence to be reached by programs of a higher standard. No advertising sponsor is going to pay the inflated rates of large-network time when he suspects that half the audience is tuning off because the program is highbrow. And no private broadcasting company is going to substitute "cultural" (and unsponsored) programs for lowbrow sponsored time because somebody has told him it is his "duty."

Finally we come to a consideration which to me, because of my long association with the theatrical world and those whose life work lies in it, is the strongest of all. The fact is that the present radio monopoly based on the existing grouping of talent centers is working a tremendous handicap on the actors, musicians, and vaudevillians of the country. The radio and the talking pictures have thrown into unemployment many thousands of them — thousands who have never been trained for other means of livelihood.

It is true that none can expect to escape the inevitable law of changing conditions. But this is nevertheless a serious problem, and certain management methods in radio are detrimental to talent and public alike. Not only has the closed-corporation situation been heavily responsible for producing the present disastrous

RADIO NEEDS A REVOLUTION

unemployment, but it is also continually aggravating it. It is becoming increasingly difficult for artists without national reputations to obtain radio trials at all; virtually impossible for those not close to one of the very few centers of broadcasting. Not only that, but such artists as do obtain radio employment are completely at the mercy of the financial and other policies dictated by the advertisers and broadcasters together. Taken all in all, the sum of complaints against the present organization and operation of radio is a heavy one.

IV

LET ME SAY now that I am emphatically opposed to the so-called European system of broadcasting. As I have already stated, I am convinced that radio is becoming too nearly a branch of journalism to warrant any form of government ownership or operation. My proposal is as follows:

Five million dollars is ample revenue for a year's operation of a network of moderate size. The two dominating networks of to-day have an annual income of about forty million dollars. Let us have, instead of three principal networks, six or more. Each will be smaller, but these will be able to cover all or very nearly all the territory previously covered by the larger networks. This is because the present pattern of allocation has taken no competent regard of waste in wave-length privilege. Let us organize regional chains of broadcasting stations, grouping high-powered outlets and low-powered separately. For the former let us have the national coverage in the six or more chains suggested above; for the latter let us have local coverage giving privilege to more talent and program variation of non-national interest — variation which would nevertheless carry advertising value as long as it were kept on a local basis.

It is, I think, indisputable that more cultural and educational programs than exist at present are desirable. The problem under private ownership is how to obtain sponsorship for them, since they carry less popular entertainment value than the stuff the average advertiser puts on the air. I have already suggested that with the creation of twice as many national networks than there are to-day and with the additional program autonomy available to

local stations and chains, certain advertisers will find a new field of coverage concentrated in various parts of the country and eager in response to a higher standard of broadcasting. Furthermore, under such a system, the advertiser will be able to reach this group without paying the prohibitive rates of a tremendous network, much of whose coverage is wasted for this purpose anyway.

There is one more point I wish to raise in connection with cultural and educational broadcasting. This is the matter of electrical transcriptions. These the present monopoly has consistently opposed — because of unwelcome competition and for no other reason. But modern recorded programs are technically perfect, and they are economical. They should most certainly be made available in library form for the use of local stations, where they would in most cases be the ideal form for the educational type of broadcast. But first we must get rid of network monopoly.

V

DO NOT LET it be thought that this will be an easy task. The present radio interests are quite pleasantly satisfied with the *status quo* and quite content with the unlimited franchise granted them by the 1927 act of Congress. Radio is credited with one of the strongest of the swarming lobbies in Washington — one with substance behind it. Members of Congress are dominated by tactics which are constantly under the direction of private interests. Official bodies respond quickly to pressure from corporate organizations as large, as widely distributed, and with so many interlocking interests as some of those maintaining lobbies in the capital.

The radio monopoly has wide ramifications in the electric-power field — a not insignificant circumstance. The utility method of handling a political grant is based on long practice and proven experience. Small opposition is mashed with an iron fist. More formidable opposition is met with flattery, publicity, and financial and other rewards.

I speak from my own experience. During the last national political campaign I was Chairman of the Stage, Screen, and Radio Division of the Democratic National Committee. At Warm Springs after the election it was said that

I would be consulted in radio matters after the President took office. Another "campaign" resulted. For weeks I was the recipient of obvious attention by executives of broadcasting groups, whose motives I am sure were not based on personal admiration for me.

But I was not able to forget that those behind the scenes in radio had been distinctly unfriendly to Mr. Roosevelt throughout his campaign. Twice he was shut off the air in the midst of an address. Democratic campaign songs and the efforts of stage and screen sources on behalf of the Democratic Party were treated with marked contempt. Political commentators allied with the networks were strong in support of another candidate; peculiarly enough, the radio monopoly had been erected and barricaded through three Republican administrations.

Late in the campaign, however, in fact but a few days before election, the networks decided that the country was to have a new President. A new policy came into existence, remained after Mr. Roosevelt's election, and continued until March. The radio moguls were readjusting their political fences and digging for new foundational contacts with the incoming administration.

The dispensation of radio privilege offers many opportunities for favors. I was offered a vice-presidency with a prominent radio chain. Others thought to possess political influence had tempting opportunities put in their paths. Executive positions, profitable contracts on sponsored programs, and the publicity of nation-wide hook-ups were among these. Congressmen receive broadcasting time for nation-wide hook-ups. All this is conclusive enough evidence that there is here a private monopoly of immense power intent on playing both ends against the middle and subject to no authority or control except a purely technical supervision of wave-length assignments.

VI

THE COMPLICATED "deals" and all the interrelated processes by which money is extracted from the apportionment of radio "in the public interest" are beyond my understanding. Why our government should be burdened with actual expense as a result of the supervision of this industry is more than I can

comprehend. It has cost nearly a million dollars a year of the taxpayers' money to keep in operation the present system of radio control — and look at the control!

Consider, too, a phase of radio as a source of income that is little understood and seldom mentioned. The average electric receiving set consumes current which costs the owner about seventy-five cents a month, or twelve dollars a year, and adds to a national total of millions of dollars of revenue annually. Where does it go? None, certainly, is credited to the costs of radio operation or development.

Rather we have a situation often duplicated in other fields and very typical of radio itself. Beyond question this electric-power income, or much of it, arrives through interlocking directorates, holding companies, and related corporations literally in the same pockets to which find their way the millions in radio advertising revenue. *And* the Artist's Bureau commissions. *And* the lion's share of every commercial advertiser's budget for advertising through so-called "independent" stations all over the country. Indeed, a most effectively organized system!

Our nation faces more pressing problems than the reorganization of radio, but none more in need of attention when the proper time arrives. And it is reasonably sure that the great and good man in the White House will take some constructive steps when his calendar permits. The President's attitude in the matter of public utilities is well known, and radio is a public utility, with proper emphasis on each descriptive word. It is neither right nor proper that radio should be given into the hands of electrical combines which are permitted to extract every dollar of income, every measure of opportunity, to the exclusion of groups with as much or greater right to editorial, entertaining, and cultural development in the art and industry of broadcasting.

In the meantime the public, the theater, the newspapers, and any others who may have the ill fortune to acquire an interest or a vital concern in the operation of the radio field are permitted to enjoy whatever good luck rather than good management may provide in their interest or for their co-operation. Until we have a new deal — a complete reorganization — of the radio business, this is the situation that prevails.

FEAR OVER EUROPE

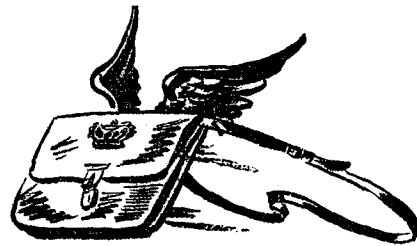
BY H. H. RAILEY

IN GERMANY'S resignation from the League of Nations, eight months after Japan's; in Hitler's directed "mandate" of forty million votes; in the threat of Italy's disaffection, and possibly Hungary's; in the disruption of the Disarmament Conference and the consternation of the negotiators in that "sinister comedy"; in the waning strength of Dollfuss, defender of Austria's precarious independence; in the beginnings of an armaments race; in the jockeying of the nations for position, and in many other symptomatic but less important particulars — preparation for war in Europe is visible to the naked eye. No nation wants it. All nations dread it. Civilization has repudiated it as an instrument of national policy. But the menace is real, and it is folly to deny it. There is fear over Europe — ubiquitous fear of suicidal conflict — ineluctable, "as though it were independent of human agency."

At Geneva the ravished ghost of Wilson's League hovers over the metamorphosed dove-cote, now become the arena of a critical struggle between the forces of democracy, clinging to open covenants openly arrived at, and reactionary forces, advocating return to the old system of checks and balances, advocating and holding diplomatic, *secret* conversations away from Geneva — at London, Berlin, Paris, and Rome, where recently Mussolini, Fascist arbiter of Central Europe, called liberty "a stinking corpse."

Now war is not imminent. It is not likely to occur to-morrow unless, for example, some maddened Nazi assassinates Dollfuss; unless some incredibly stupid and preposterous "incident" should snap the taut nerves of the French. Nor is it likely in the spring of 1934, when thaws unlock the Austrian frontiers. Within five years it may be inevitable — if the French stand pat on Versailles and grant no concessions to the German "face"; if the

Disarmament Conference fails, as many observers think it must; if Italy abandons the League; if Austria crumbles; if Hitler is not actually conceded the equality he demands, the revision he seeks and ultimately will fight for.



THE SAFETY VALVE OF CENTRAL EUROPE

FOR THE present, paradoxically, Hitler is the safety valve of Central Europe. At this critical juncture peace is indispensable to the vast and significant consolidation he is accomplishing. Hitler's immediate aim is peace with equality — which means, if peace is to be preserved, one vital concession after another from France and her former allies.

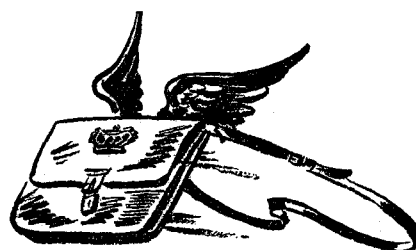
In America, as in Europe, the Chancellor of the Reich has been woefully underestimated. Less than a year ago Dorothy Thompson, returning after months of observation in Germany, described him as "the apotheosis of the little man." At a recent mass meeting in Chicago he was described by John Haynes Holmes as "the most formidable man since Napoleon Bonaparte." Sardonic indeed must be his satisfaction with the recognition now accorded him, for of himself and by himself he has wrung from the world a reluctant reappraisal. To the German masses, especially to the German youth, *der Fuhrer* is a god, and he may yet become a religion. For him personally the ebullient Nazis — boys who know nothing of war — would to-morrow march barehanded against the French or the Poles.

One need not tarry long in Berlin to arrive at that conclusion. One need only witness the changing of the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at noon on Unter den Linden. A detachment of "police," perhaps one hundred strong, marching smartly with a band, daily attracts ten times that number of civilians, who fall in line with the column and swell its width threefold, its length by ten — marching raptly. Men out of offices with brief cases in their hands — executives, clerks, and office boys — women with bags and bundles — housewives and stenographers — marching grimly, eyes fixed, looking neither to the right nor the left — marching for *der Fuhrer*, away from "the dictate of Versailles," out of bondage and into their place in the sun.

A distinguished Viennese psychologist once reminded me that there is a vast difference between a man's intellect and his emotional equipment. Hitler's intellect is quite average; his emotional equipment is limitless. On the platform he is a person possessed, transformed from mediocrity and transfigured with frenzy. The effect upon his hearers is almost sadistic. It is not what he says. It is the man himself — the super-demagogue of our times. His influence on a German audience of any size is hypnotic. With simple, often crude ideas he sways and flays them by the hour, and they give themselves to him in a mental debauch that is rather terrible to behold. Thus has he unified Germany, flouting the Jews, obliterating the communists, reorganizing, regimenting, standardizing the very soul of the German people — railing at Versailles, repudiating Geneva, shrewdly calculating the enormous hazards of a course which he passionately believes to be his destiny.

With a single stroke Hitler, countering the reiterated French cry of "Security!" with a bellowing demand for "Equality and Revision!" threatens to scramble the jigsaw puzzle of Europe as pieced together at Versailles. Bolder now, and stronger after fifteen years, Germany, sparring for peace temporarily and hoping to secure it, prepares openly for war and in the future will wage it unless (a foregone conclusion) France loses the Saar in the coming plebiscite; unless Austria succumbs to remorseless pressure for the *Anschluss*; unless Poland, weaned from the French breast, will after the

Anschluss with Austria "negotiate," perhaps swapping the present Corridor for another, perhaps yielding her equity in Danzig and "adjusting" Silesia; unless a way can be found to reclaim peacefully the 10,000,000 irredentists pining beyond the German frontiers; unless her colonies are restored under sovereign status — unless, on the other hand, as a result of these German aims fraught with peril for the peace of the world, a war of prevention is waged against her while she is relatively weak, which is not likely.



PEACE OR WAR?

IN THE past three years I have made nine trips to Europe. My observations cover the period from the election in 1931 of the present English coalition government to the very eve of Germany's dramatic withdrawal from Geneva on October 14. I was in Europe in January, 1933, when war between Italy and Yugoslavia was so imminent that "a shudder passed through the soul of the world"; in March, when over the Westerplatte incident conflict between Germany and Poland was for a few days touch and go; in September, when Germany's repudiation of Geneva became inevitable. In the past three years I have talked with European statesmen and diplomats; with peace workers, wearily aware of the growing futility of their efforts; with capitalists and workers and with the European on the street; with correspondents at London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Geneva accredited to great newspapers, veteran observers who, with but one exception, differed only in their views as to *when* war will come and *where* it will begin. To them, as to me, increasingly in the past twelve months, war has appeared inevitable unless a frenzied world regains its senses.

There is time. In one of the stormiest capitals in Europe a diplomat recently confided:

"War is inevitable a few years hence unless

public opinion, especially in the United States and England, is thoroughly aroused. If you have anything to do with public opinion, go home and arouse it! And every time the State Department issues a reassuring bulletin, redouble your energies."

Through the swirling dust of the European arena one can detect the underlying trends that make for peace or war. With the machinery of Geneva indefinitely in low gear, while direct "conversations" proceed, it is principally at Rome that the issue is being joined.

On November 21 Mr. Winston Churchill remarked in the House of Commons:

"If the members of the House of Commons watch carefully in the next few weeks the action of Italy, they will see a new center has been set up which, if it develops, will undoubtedly leave an immense weakening of the League, and this will be one of the gravest dangers that can arise at the present time."

Mussolini, it is known, holds the conviction that if the secret negotiations now going on at London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome fail to restore confidence in a disarmament convention, there is no hope for effective survival of the League of Nations. Certainly it lies within his power to complete the destruction begun by Japan and Germany. He has merely to put into effect his threatened withdrawal.

In *Geneva*, a bulletin of the Geneva Research Center, the opinion is currently expressed that Europe must now either genuinely "make and organize peace or anticipate and prepare for trouble.

"Basically," it points out, "the situation remains what it always has been:

"One group of nations in Europe, headed by France, with England tending to act as a mediator, desires to retain as favorable a position as possible for maintaining the arrangements set up by the peace treaties." (In other words, France and the Little Entente want peace — on the basis of the *status quo*.)

"Another group of nations in Europe, headed by Germany, with Italy tending to act as a mediator, desires to attain as favorable a position as possible for modifying these arrangements in ways as yet undefined." (In other words, Germany and her satellites want peace — on the basis of revision.)

"Each has to choose," *Geneva* concludes,

"whether to seek its aim by argument or by armament, by advancing and defending a case in court or by appealing to force as the final arbiter and sanction."



FROM THE LEAGUE TO SECRET DIPLOMACY

UNTIL THE General Commission of the Disarmament Conference reconvenes, "court" stands adjourned of necessity and with the consent of President Henderson, who announced on November 22 that the "existing differences on several political questions were too great to encourage hope of a successful issue . . ." — *in open court*.

At London, Rome, and Berlin mercurial hope ran high. Events had taken a "practical" turn. In secret conversations, away from Geneva and its witnesses, it should now be possible to strike a bargain.

To France, Herr Hitler announced grandly: "I am ready to hear everything, to understand everything, to undertake everything."

To avoid "increasing friction" he urged that France cede the Saar, ignoring the League as a party to that transaction. As proof of his magnanimity, he reassuringly stated that the "lot" of Alsace-Lorraine was "settled." Much more he hinted possible of accomplishment if only France, forced out of court, wary and for the moment isolated, would yield and explore in earnest the possibilities of a new deal in which she has much to lose and almost nothing to gain.

In the jubilant Berlin press it was confidently predicted that "a return to the pre-war methods of secret diplomacy will be a sequel to the waning prestige of the League." There was supporting evidence. Poland's new Minister, Joseph Lipsky, was received by the German Chancellor, and afterward a brief communiqué employed the stock phrase that both nations showed "complete agreement" in their willingness to "approach through

direct negotiations" the principal issues between them and "renounce any use of force in their mutual relations" — a somewhat redundant promise in view of the fact that both Germany and Poland long ago affixed their signatures to the Pact of Paris. Then the French Ambassador, M. François-Poncet, called on Herr Hitler — whose demands proved speedily unacceptable. These "talks," intended — so it was explained in Paris — only to establish the basis for negotiations in the open, later on at Geneva, merely served to demonstrate that actually no basis for negotiation exists. Direct conversations widened, did not narrow, the breach. Deadlock at Geneva. Deadlock at Berlin. Frustration.

To Paris this month — for direct conversations of a different order — will come King Alexander of Yugoslavia; King Carol of Rumania, the internal difficulties of his country permitting — if not, Foreign Minister Titulescu; and perhaps important Polish and Italian statesmen if the latter can be induced to join in the French show of "moral force," which is merely a tightening of the hostile ring encircling Germany. Plausible Sir John Simon has come and gone on England's behalf — availing little; and so have Foreign Ministers Benes of Czechoslovakia, Hymans of Belgium, and Maximos of Greece — availing much. These ostentatious comings and goings presage a bull market for the international armaments ring — chiefly that and little else.

After two years' wrangling, the baffled negotiators in the Disarmament Conference resort to diplomatic conversations with the hope of accomplishing in secret what cannot be accomplished in the open. After fourteen years the machinery of the League of Nations breaks down — Japanese aggression in the Far East, the London Economic Conference, and the Disarmament Conference are listed among its "failures." After breeding in fifteen years a

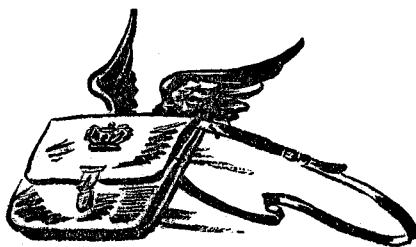
plethora of plans and pacts to safeguard peace, there is fear over Europe, fear for the very survival of civilization. Why?

THE NEED FOR TREATY REVISION

IN *Foreign Affairs*, Mr. Newton D. Baker comments on the Treaty of Versailles: "Nations prostrated by their losses, paupered by their expenditures, and eager both for revenge for the past and for security for the future, wrote their triumphant passions in the treaty and then said their prayers in the Covenant." For that hypocrisy a reckoning is at hand. It involves the prospect of an upheaval that threatens a general rearrangement of the European map. The post-war treaties are due for revision — peacefully in the near future, through negotiation, or through war ultimately.

It is true that Germany wants to be treated as a Great Power, and not as "inferior." But that is not all. It is true that France, with protests of devotion to the League, wants security. But that is not all. It is true that England and Italy would mediate and avert the conflict brewing. But that is not all. In the open the old lip service to peace continues; behind the scenes there is sinister bargaining. Lloyd's, ever sporting, offers 2 to 1 that the outcome within eighteen months will be war.

Italy, whose services were bought by the Allies but not paid for in full, has never regarded destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as adequate reward for knifing Germany. In Yugoslavia's lion's share of the Eastern littoral of the Adriatic Italy sees a new rival, supported by France and, it has been alleged, armed by France. Italy is still unreconciled to the division of the African spoils. In the troubled valley of the Danube lies tiny Austria, yielding gradually to the *Anschluss*, which is forbidden by the Treaty of St. Germain and opposed by Italy, since it would carry the German frontiers to the Brenner Pass and almost to Trieste. Hungary, one often hears in Central Europe, having nothing to lose, wants war and hopes to gain from it. The Little Entente "is at once frightened and armed to the teeth." Rumania is in the throes of economic distress. Russia, through America's recognition restored to position as a Great Power, is fortified in the south by numerous



non-aggression pacts designed to safeguard her against a stab in the back if Japan declares war in the spring. Bulgaria is at loggerheads with Yugoslavia over Macedonia. Greece has her back to the wall financially. Turkey, after a love feast with Greece, is still a good customer in the arms market. Out of these situations arise issues it is not expedient to discuss in the open at Geneva.

The plight of the League in these reeling months may be compared with that period which Fiske called the most critical in American history, when disintegration of the Union under the Articles of Confederation was threatened through anarchy and withdrawal, and the crisis won through revision of those articles and adoption of the American Constitution. Through revision of the Covenant the League may survive.

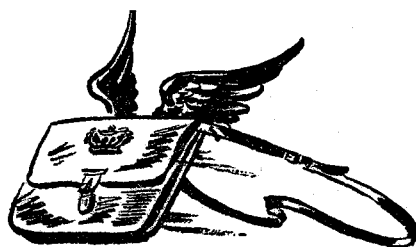
ISOLATED AMERICA

AMERICA, AFTER more than a decade of disgracefully furtive participation in the counsels of Geneva, with the advent of the more enlightened Roosevelt Administration ventured into the open — cautiously, be it observed, but discernibly. If public opinion had been ripe for it, we might have gone further. As the nation most thoroughly documented on the activities of the League we have scorned to join, we might at least have dignified our relations with it. Conceivably we might even have appointed a High Commissioner to sit as the diplomatic equal of the Foreign Secretaries and other statesmen so often in conference at Geneva. We might even have paid a fair share of the expenses, or boldly joined the International Labor Organization — had public opinion been ripe for it. But it wasn't. Public opinion in the United States has grown more and more wary of European developments, has come increasingly to regard disarmament, in which our stake is so vital, as a purely European consideration, in its present stage a quarrel between France and Germany, of no concern to us. When Germany quit the League and threw the Disarmament Conference into confusion, Mr. Hearst and his reactionary adherents were delighted. They clamored for the return of our able Ambassador-at-large, Mr. Davis, lest through his continued and helpful presence at Geneva we become "involved," whereas Ge-

neva is about the only place in Europe that Mr. Davis can go without being politically misunderstood. But the editors raved, and no bolstering protest was heard by the Administration, listening intently, to offset the raucous demand of the isolationists that America, mighty and self-sufficient in these glorious days of rampant economic nationalism, get out of Europe, stay home, mind her own business, and mend her own fences. So Mr. Davis came home. With nearly six billions invested in Europe, we wash our hands in pious horror, and isolation comforts as greatly as it deceives us.

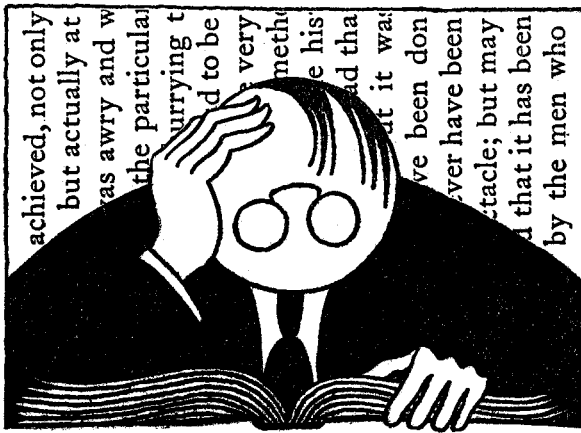
"Isolation, indeed," observes Mr. Arthur Henderson, "is a policy of despair. It is based on the acceptance of the inevitability of future wars. Its adoption would mean throwing to the winds the new machinery for stopping wars which we have been trying to build up. It would bring us no hope of any new device, any new expedient, by which we could keep out of wars when they had once begun. So that to trust to the policy of isolation to keep us out of war would be to act like the inhabitants of a low-lying country who had suffered much from floods, and had at last united to build up a system of dams; and who, when the rainy season was approaching and they found the culpable neglect of some of the chief villages had caused some breaches in the dams, threw up their hands in despair and said: 'Let's scrap the dams, let's go back to our old plan of each village for itself; then, if the floods come, we'll do as we used to: climb on the roofs of our huts or try to escape in our boats. It's true our huts are made of mud and our boats leak — but never mind, we'll take a chance.' The huts will founder and the boats will sink as they did before, if the next flood — the next war — should come."

Mr. Henderson was thinking of England — not America, safely isolated by the great Atlantic ocean *as in the last war*.



ON THINKING CRITICALLY

BY MARY M. COLUM



WHY HAVE there been so few great critics in the history of literature? One of the reasons certainly is that the work is very arduous and the rewards of any kind sparse in comparison with those in most other forms of literature. It is not enough to master the craft of writing, to evolve the technique suitable to the mode; the critic has to make himself master of all the thinking on literature that has gone before him, to understand what forms criticism has taken in the past, and to know as much about literature as any one person can, and then to add his own personal discovery. Other writers can, perhaps (though I doubt it), learn their trade alone, but critics, because they have to be familiar with writing of all kinds, are best developed when, during their formative period, they are surrounded by writers, saturated in literature, rocked and dandled to its sounds and syllables from their earliest years, as composers have to be rocked and dandled to the sounds of music. A great critic is as rare as a great composer and for the same reason — the difficulties in the way of learning the job thoroughly, the necessity of the early direction of the mind toward art — that is, learning the job at all is partly the accident of early environment.

Yet in spite of all the difficulties, criticism is probably the form of literary expression most characteristic of present times. People who in other periods would have been novelists, philosophic poets, dramatic poets, are to-day critics. Likewise it may be said that in America young men who in other countries would be members of parliament, representatives of the people helping to shape new political ideas, are turning to literary criticism. This is a pity — a pity for them that their minds have not the right outlet, a pity for us that their misdirected abilities are besieging literature, trying to force it somehow on to a terrain where they can use it to give their minds and feelings release.

DEFINITIONS

BECAUSE AS a literary mode it is in its infancy, the nature and province of criticism is still somewhat of a puzzle, particularly in the English-speaking world. An attempt to formulate a definition of criticism is therefore not out of place, but is even the business of anybody engaging seriously in the craft. The common, convenient definitions of criticism used by contemporary writers to indicate their position are derived from conceptions put forward by Taine and Sainte-Beuve in the middle of the nineteenth century, viz., that it is a natural history of minds considered in relation to the race, *milieu*, and period which produced them. This conception is one which has always excited writers but is now at least ninety years old and was never adequate, even in a limited way, to describe the work of the great critics originally responsible for it. In addition, of course, one finds, chiefly among the moralizing critics, Matthew Arnold's definition of criticism as "the disinterested endeavor to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespective of practice, politics, and everything of the kind."

The popular idea of criticism is that it is some form of abuse or attack or harsh judgment, and, doubtless, it was as some form of attack that criticism took its beginning. For the general reader also it is hard to disassociate the term criticism as a literary mode from its meaning in practical life, where it commonly denotes a form of censure, though with the lapse of time it may be concluded that there will be no more confusion between the meanings of the expression than there is between the word essay as a literary form and the practical meaning of the word. At present, however, the confusion exists. Recently in New York a distinguished physician asked a patient how he earned his living, and on being told that it was by writing criticism he warmly gave him the advice to abandon his job, for, said the doctor, criticism springs from a virus, an irritant in the mind which prevents a person from adapting himself to life. With this astonishing doctrine the patient, a simple-minded man who wrote reviews for a Sunday paper and who suffered from indigestion, seemed to concur, for he had never thought about his profession at all.

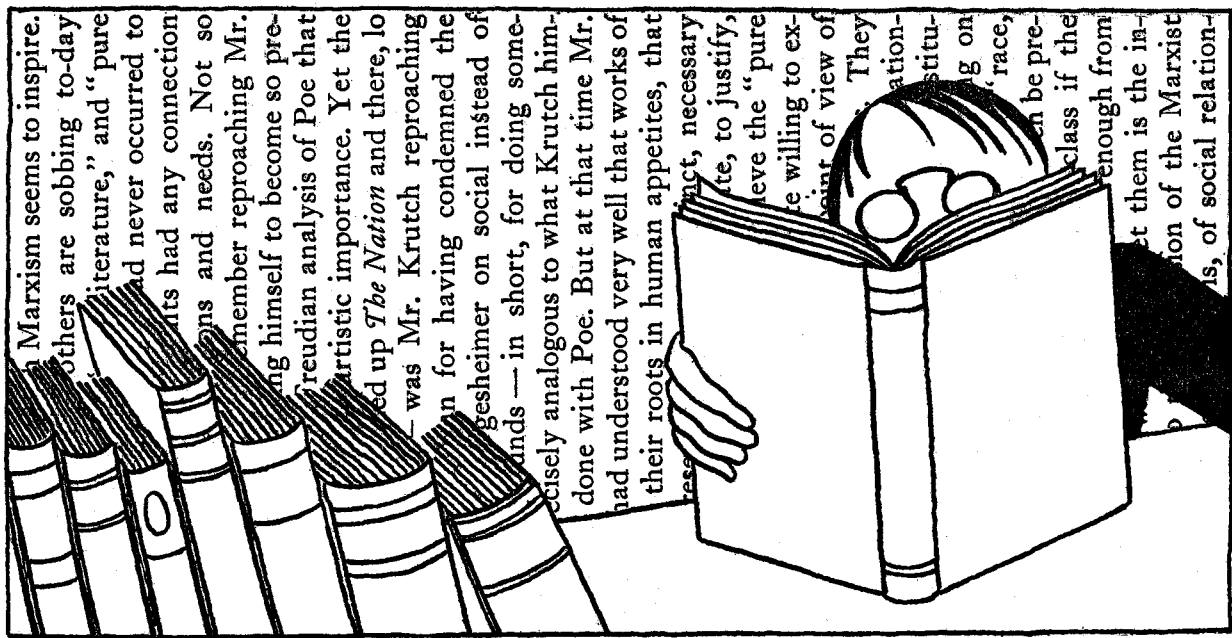
Now criticism is, in itself, neither praise nor blame, neither attack nor judgment; as an intellectual force it represents a principle through which the world of ideas renews itself, which prunes and trims old ideas to satisfy new desires and adds new ideas to those that have already done duty in expressing old desires. Purely literary criticism, which, of course, is only one branch of criticism, represents in the work of its highest practitioners that branch of literature whose most important office is the originating of the ideas, the discovery of the circumstances, the foreseeing of the lines that other branches of literature follow. Besides its major rôles, criticism has many secondary ones, and therefore it may ordinarily be described as a literary force put at the service of another force. In relation to art, criticism is a literary force put at the service of art; social or sociological criticism is a literary force put at the service of society; literary criticism is a literary force put at the service of literature. As a force put at the service of literature, criticism can be exercised in various ways according to the nature of the talent that makes up the force. It may be

literary history like Saintsbury's or Brunetière's, where the critic has to have the mind of an historian; it may be pure theorizing like Croce's or Alain's, where the critic has to have the mind of a philosopher; it may be the sort of criticism which deals with the sources and genesis of a work of art like that of Joseph Bédier, where the critic has to be a scholar, and of which a remarkable example in America is the work of John Livingstone Lowes, whose book, *The Road to Xanadu*, is a production of genius. Or, criticism may be simply sensitive and brilliant and informing chatter about books, and to this class belong, not only the witty, distinguished criticism of Anatole France and Lemaître and Oscar Wilde, but also the criticism of the best of our present-day columnists. It may be, and it most commonly is, a talent which expresses itself in explaining the work of authors past and present, and in passing judgment on them.

WHAT HIGH CRITICISM IS

AT ITS highest, however, literary criticism is the creation of profound, informing, and transforming ideas about life and literature, about life as well as literature, for no man can understand literature without a comprehension of life, the subject of literature. The great primary critics have been those whose work had a definite and continuous influence on the creation of literature and not merely on the understanding and assessing of writers. This does not mean that there have not been men of genius in the other branches of literary criticism — there have — but those whom I would regard as the really great critics in the last two hundred years have been only four in number — Lessing, Herder, Sainte-Beuve, and Taine.

To this number there are the strongest reasons for adding the name of Madame de Staël, whose book, *Literature in Relation to Social Institutions*, is not only the basis of all the conceptions of literature put forward recently as Marxist, but is also one of the bases of the work of Taine and Sainte-Beuve. But she was a social rather than a literary critic, and is indeed the parent of all latter-day social criticism. Her conception of literature as an expression of society is a narrow and limited one, and in practice would banish a great



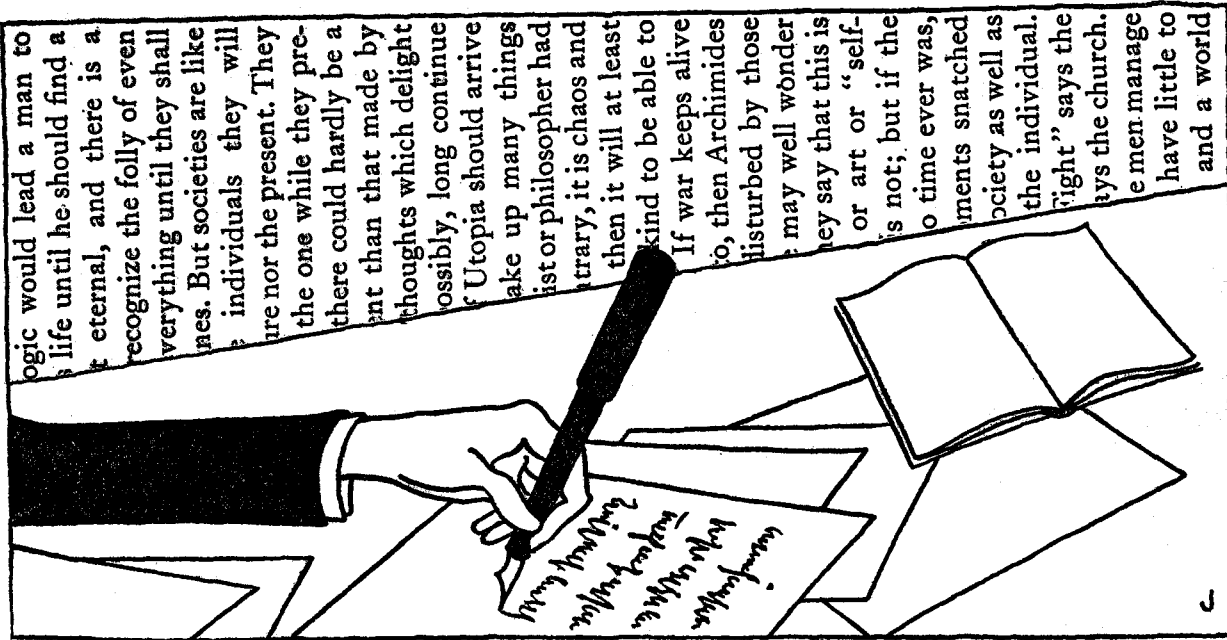
portion of the poetic literature of the world — would banish nearly all lyric poetry, all such literature as reflects a purely psychic and fantastic and imaginative life; it would leave practically no room for Milton or Dante or Keats or Shelley. Secondly, she influences, not literature generally as the great critics have done, but only thinking about literature, which makes her a passion with critics rather than with other kinds of writers. She has been described as the heroine of Sainte-Beuve's *Lundis* and the hero of Brunetière's *History of Criticism*, which incidently is a history only of French criticism. Lastly, her power as a writer was not equal to her power of originating ideas: her intellect worked in a prosy fashion so that she was never able to make words dance to a tune in her mind as Taine did and Sainte-Beuve did, and a literary critic like every other artist has to be judged by his writing as well as by his ideas. Yet when all this has been said, it should be admitted that there has not been a single literary controversy of the recent years that has not derived from ideas drawn from her work. It was she who put into currency, though she did not invent them, the expressions "classical" and "romantic," around which some of the Humanist controversy was fought. She was the bridge between the two great German critics and the two great French critics, but unlike them she exercised no potent and vital influence on the creation of literature.

When Goethe said of Lessing, "Like a lightning flash this splendid thought illumined the way before us and all previous criticism was flung away like a worn-out coat," he was paying the highest tribute that can be paid to a critic, by recognizing him as one who discovers the circumstances and foresees the lines that literature is to follow. Lessing and Herder, between them, foresaw the literary destiny, not of Germany only, but of Europe: from them came that conception of literature as an expression of racial and national life which formed the backbone of the work of men as widely apart as Yeats and Ibsen, as Tolstoy and Hardy. In its heyday it represented the highest truth and was potent with inspiration until almost the year before last. But in the world that has come to birth a cleavage is to be observed between the intellectual and artistic life of a country and its racial and national tradition. Art is becoming international, and this is due, perhaps, merely to the purely prosy influence of transportation.

THE DESCENT OF CRITICISM

IT IS NOT possible in the space of an article to make a thorough exposition of the ideas of the great critics or to show their influence on literature. Each was the descendant of one before him; each new critic added a link to the chain of already existing ideas. Lessing, for example, added his discovery to a basal stock taken over from Aristotle; Herder

ON THINKING CRITICALLY



added to Lessing's racism a fertile theory of the importance of primitive poetry and the notion that literature everywhere grew out of peculiar conditions of time and place. This last, together with Madame de Stael's conception of literature as an expression of society, was taken over by Taine, and became the basis of his famous theory of the influence of race, *milieu*, and moment. William Schlegel took over the ideas of Herder and Lessing and added his own notion that praise or blame or rules were of little importance: a work could be understood only through its author, and the author through the epoch. This in its turn was taken over by Sainte-Beuve, and on it he formed his theory of the identity of the author and his work — that is, for the understanding of a man's work one had to know his life, his childhood, his family, who were his ancestors, who were his friends, his wife, his children, the books he read, the circumstances in which his talent had its start — "as is the tree, so is its fruit." From him, as is easy to see, sprang the whole modern school of psychological biography.

Taine, who was the last of the great critics, took over every idea of his predecessors and added to them his immense contribution of the philosophy of art. Since his death no critic has evolved any new, exciting conception of literature. The recent ideas which have influenced writers were not taken over from critics; they sprang, as was explained in a

previous article, from the discoveries of psychology. The critics, in fact, were so belated that when writers of a new kind, like Joyce and Proust, came along, those amongst them who understood what these writers were doing could be counted on the fingers of a hand.

When we come to American criticism we find that the whole body of ideas behind it is also taken over from the great European critics: it is all founded on such ideas as literature as an expression of society, literature as an expression of race and national life, literature as explained by a man's life and relationships, and criticism as a natural history of minds. "Only the dead men know the tunes the live world dances to." Even the new critics who call themselves Marxists have not, so far as I am aware, evolved a single new idea, nor, in spite of their high ability, have they shown any great mastery of their trade. Some of them by natural talent, like Edmund Wilson, are literary critics, and some of them, like V. F. Calverton, are sociological critics with a limited comprehension of literature.

Social and sociological critics are not primarily concerned with literature — they are concerned with the interactions of literature and society. They study movements, doctrines, institutions, and material conditions of society, and observe how these affect literature or are reflected in literature. The sociological critic bases his whole case, and it always is a case, on social facts; he seems generally un-

conscious that literature is a creation of a unique individual, that art is not matter but the imprint of mind upon matter, that the matter on which the mind works may or may not be the society in which the artist moves. Mr. Calverton, indeed, frankly states that he is not interested in literature from the point of view of literary criticism but "has been concerned with the nature of culture, its class roots and the degree to which that culture expressed itself in the work of American writers."

This, of course, is the point of view of the sociological critic. Literature is only a part of culture, as Mr. Calverton himself recognizes, and the culture of a country at any given time is only in a limited degree reflected in its literature and is chiefly expressed in its social institutions, which really represent the unconscious will of the people—that is, social institutions are a majority product; literature is a minority product, and is very frequently at war with society and social institutions. Not only the Marxists but all social philosophers beginning with Plato have looked askance at literature, and if they could not make it a servant of the state have wanted to have it banished. What Mr. Calverton really means by the liberation of American literature is its enslavement to his particular pet social institutions and ideals, which happen to be Marxist, just as the late Professor Babbitt wanted it enslaved to his particular pet social ideals, which happened to be Aristotelian. This accounts for the odd resemblance between the present group of Marxist critics and the Humanist group of a few years back: they all want literature to serve social ideas. It is an old fight, fought many times, and up to the present the artist has always won. I am not at all certain that he is going to win in the future. The artist is not always necessarily a cultured or instructed man, and owing to his strong emotional power and his passion for social justice, he is easily entrapped into movements which may be antagonistic to him as an artist. No matter what a man's social or political ideals may be he ought not to allow his art to be controlled by them, and writers who are artists will have to make up their minds whether they are going to allow themselves to be bamboozled by these sociological

critics or not. Mr. Calverton, who is typical of many of them, has an astonishing system of handing out percentages of excellence to writers according to the degree of their political leanings toward the Left.

Then there is Mr. Granville Hicks—a young man whose *Great Tradition* shows distinguished ability and a sensitivity to literature lacking in Mr. Calverton—who can blandly remark at the end of his book that he has attempted to view American life of the industrial age as the artist might view it. If any practicing artist in American letters will inform me that that is what Mr. Hicks has done—viewed life as an artist might view it—I shall be astounded to hear it. "It has been increasingly difficult," he says, "for those who ignore industrialism to create a vital literature." But before anything becomes a subject for literature it has to exist long enough to take its coloring from, and become involved with, not only all the primary emotions of mankind, but with its spiritual aspirations. When the Russians told their poets to go and write about dynamos, they were ordering the impossible. Nothing in the raw is the subject for literature; not even hunger or sex, which are said to be the two strongest primary emotions. Even these are subjects for literature only when they have passed through many crucibles, and have been illumined by searing experiences of the soul.

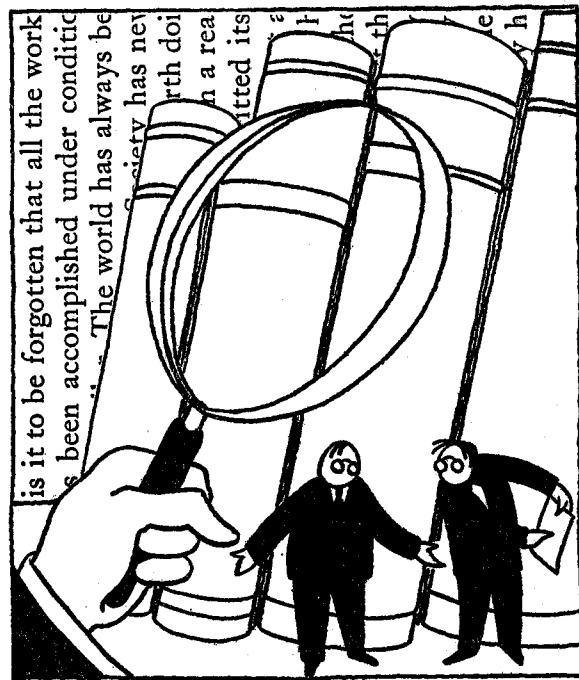
Mr. Hicks' assault on American writers for not choosing to write about industrialism is a waste of energy. Writers do not will or deliberately adopt their subjects; they have very little choice; they write about what has affected their emotions and intellect at a deep level of their being. When all these sociological critics attack writers for not reflecting what they call the reality of their own times, one might ask them how do they know what is the reality of these times? What these critics think of as reality may not be reality at all for other kinds of minds. Mr. Hicks solemnly states, as if it were an eternal truth, that artists commonly mirror their own times. Well, commonly, that is just what they do not do. Only a special kind of writer mirrors his times, though nearly every writer is in some way influenced by his times. However, even this is a risky statement to make, for the exceptions like

William Blake and Hans Andersen at once jump to the mind, and there are many great writers who, like Goethe, are only slightly affected by what seem to be the external realities of their age.

Then Mr. V. F. Calverton's attack on Hawthorne is almost incredibly nonsensical. "His *Scarlet Letter*, concerned as it was with a purely American situation and background, reads more like a romantic legend than a realistic fiction, so ghost-like are its characters and so weird its construction." Now, why in the world should Hawthorne have written realistic fiction, and why should reality be expressed only in terms of realistic fiction? Dimmesdale and Hester are two of the realest people in literature; they explain the American Puritan better than a thousand sociological tracts could do. When it comes to writing a book that has real flesh and bone to it the opinions and convictions of even the most forward-looking of our young men are no substitute for knowledge that is in the deeps of a writer's being — some unwilling but temperamental relation between the writer and his subject. And some bias in Hawthorne's mind, some depth of knowledge enabled him to make real not only his people, whom Mr. Calverton calls puppets because they are not the men and women of the lamp-lit streets and factory benches, but also the glooms of forests and the ghostly shadows of old houses.

THE INTELLIGENTSIA VERSUS THE ARTIST

LITERATURE IS NOT about opinions and convictions; what it is about I can best indicate by a few lines taken from a sympathizer with communist ideas, Ezra Pound. His words are about poetry, but they apply equally to all sorts of literature. "It is concerned with what is so embedded in a man's nature that it never occurs to him to question it, not a matter of what idea he holds but of the depth at which he holds it. A great deal of the *New Masses* verse is the arty poetry of young intelligentsia trying to manifest sympathy with a party." And this brings me to a very important point in this controversy: all the Marxist critics, beginning with Trotsky in his *Literature and Revolution*, tend to confuse the intelligentsia with the artist, to confuse intelligent writing with literature, and to confuse literature with



culture. Now the intelligentsia are not only not identical with the artist but are commonly an opposed type: they are a purely metropolitan product, attached to opinions and doctrines and movements, and this is true of them all over the world. Very often they are good writers; rarely, however, do they happen to be artists or thinkers, for the destructive element in their minds is too strong. Occasionally, a member of the intelligentsia like Shaw becomes a world-famous writer, or one like Trotsky a political leader, but even at that it is difficult to assess the value of one to literature and of the other to politics. These men differ from the rank and file of the intelligentsia in the brilliant common sense they are able to display over a wide range of subjects — a common sense which often serves as a substitute for expert knowledge. Though two thirds of Trotsky's *Literature and Revolution*, owing to his lack of scholarship in literature and his insensitivity to much of it, is just half-baked, café gossip about writers, the remaining one third shows an insight totally lacking in the work of his followers. "It is," he says, "fundamentally incorrect to contrast bourgeois culture and bourgeois art with proletarian culture and proletarian art because the latter will never exist . . . the régime laying the foundation of a culture that is above classes."

Like the rest of them, however, Trotsky believes in a collectivist art. I am far from

denying that there may be a collectivist art: the cathedrals of the Middle Ages might be described as collectivist art; so, perhaps, may the motion picture. But literature can never be collectivist, nor does it follow the law of economic determinism. The other arts, sculpture, painting, music, may, or may not do so — at least, they are dependent on wealth in that they can be paid for only by the state, by rich men or rich institutions. Literature is under no such obligations to wealth. Yet it is the art that can be most easily abolished by these proletarian dictators and critics, owing to its very influence. It is the product of forces that are ripened in a certain sort of leisure which allows for experience, for intensity of living, for brooding and reflection — a sort of leisure which rarely belongs to the rich, but which may indifferently be the possession of a Mexican peasant, a Jewish peddler, an Irish policeman, a French bourgeois, a Russian aristocrat, a New England job-holder.

Amongst all these Marxists there is one genuine literary critic — Edmund Wilson — of such distinction that it is calamitous that he confuses his political and sociological principles with his literary ones, that he even allows them to dictate his literary principles. Art is long, and, no doubt, politics and sociology are long also; the three together are perhaps too long for any one person to master in the same lifetime. Anyhow, Mr. Wilson in *Axel's Castle* has not mastered the literary subjects he writes about. I am not quarreling with his distinguished mind, but with the inefficiency of the practice of his craft as critic. If we have strong convictions or principles, it is human to believe that all the facts fit into our theory, but to accept as facts things which are not and to fit them into a theory, as Mr. Wilson has done in this book, is not the way of one who takes his business seriously.

The main thesis of *Axel's Castle* is that the writers dealt with are all derived from the French symbolists and particularly from Mallarmé. To prove that the great French poet Paul Valéry is a Mallarmian symbolist, Mr. Wilson piles up pseudo-evidence of the strangest character, including the marriage of the poet with Mallarmé's daughter. Now, Valéry is not only not a Mallarmian symbolist, but both in theory and practice all his poetry, except

what is in a youthful volume, represents an opposite conception. Mallarmé thought that poetry should be about sensations; Valéry thinks it should be concerned with ideas and spiritual conceptions and not with states of sensibility, and if Mr. Wilson had read him thoroughly he would have discovered that he did not marry Mallarmé's daughter. Indeed, his marriage into a family of painters, to a niece of Berthe Morrisot's, would have been used by Sainte-Beuve to explain the fact that he visions what he is writing about as in the frame of a picture, and that his work is greatly influenced by painting, while the affinities of Mallarmé's poetry were with music.

When it comes to explaining the poetry Mr. Wilson is also ineffectual. Impatient with a poet whose work he does not give himself time to understand, he accuses him of unloading platitudes: he informs us that in his famous little poem, *La Fausse Morte*, the poet reflects that sleep is a kind of death "more precious than life." Now this is a platitude that Valéry is incapable of, and *La Fausse Morte* is not about sleep but about sex — *amour* — and the kind of death that is more precious than life is not sleep at all. The less he understands Valéry the more impatient with him he becomes, and he pictures him as full of vanity because he got himself a new Academician's uniform, "when," says Mr. Wilson, "it appears that a new member fits himself as best he can from such old uniforms as are available, as American college graduates at commencement rent old graduation gowns." I doubt if any Academy, no matter what its intellectual pretensions, could survive if its members had to outfit themselves as best they could with each other's old coats and trousers.

The moral of all this is that even a genuine literary critic like Mr. Wilson shows the faults of his fellow Marxists in dealing with literature: he has not taken the time or the trouble really to master what he is writing about. In fact all these perverse ideas about literature scattered through these several books come from the fact that the authors either have no affinity with literature or that they think it ought to be made a servant of society or that they are insufficiently instructed in it, and no literary critic can afford to have any of these three drawbacks at all.

I DON'T WANT MY SON TO BE A MINISTER

BY CHARLES F. STECK, JR.

WITHOUT question one of the supremest joys of my life has been to be associated with my father in the Christian ministry.

As a lad I was confirmed by the laying on of his hands. When I was graduated from the theological seminary, it was he who delivered the baccalaureate sermon. He officiated when I was married; he assisted at my ordination; our second son received from him the sacrament of Holy Baptism. He installed me in one parish and, assisted by my uncle, also a minister, later installed me in another. Annually for ten years, until I removed into a distant part of the country, he was my roommate and companion at the district conventions of the denomination in whose ministry we are both active. For many years we have spent a part, if not all, of our vacations together, and to these events I have looked forward with increasing delight as the years have gone by. Although he has recently passed the three-quarters-of-a-century mark, and I am yet in my early forties, he is still my "guide, philosopher, and friend."

It is not unlikely that there are countless sons who find the companionship of their fathers delightful, but I am persuaded that where the son follows the vocation of the father there is a fellowship and camaraderie that other sons cannot have. They speak a common language, for their interests are identical. In my own case, I am the fifth consecutive generation to choose the ministry as my life work. But I do not want my son, or either of them, to be a minister.

Having two sons, one of whom is of high-school age and possessed of a mentality and temperament that would make him good timber for the ministry, there is thrust upon me the fact that it will not be overly long until the elder is confronted with the necessity of making the choice of his life's work. Should my sons elect to follow their father into the ministry,

theirs shall be all the assistance and advice that I can give them, but I shall neither suggest to them nor urge upon them the ministry.

This conclusion has resulted, first, from the observation that there is more than a remote possibility that not a few men have entered this holy calling because of a certain intangible glamor that surrounds it. Many have been the pious and godly parents who, without possessing more than a superficial knowledge of the minister's work or the requirements of the office, have earnestly prayed that their sons might dedicate their lives to this noble calling.

It is doubtless true that many a son, because of sentiment or a desire to satisfy the yearnings of his parents or because of the affection he has held for some pastor he has known, has entered the seminary. Perhaps others have been charmed by the lure of what is thought by many people to be a life of ease and of a fair degree of luxury, where one's time is his own, and one is his own boss.

Not long ago, a physician, whom I knew largely because he had attended my church on several occasions, called me on the telephone. He was in great agitation and asked for an immediate appointment, which was arranged.

Upon my arrival, he greeted me with: "You are the only man in this city who can help me!" I was, of course, a bit startled and suggested that the compliment was a rather high but doubtful one, since the city in which I live numbers some million and a half souls.

His next question completely floored me. "How," he asked, "can I get a Doctor of Divinity degree?" I informed him that, in this country, these are honorary degrees, conferred by certain institutions in recognition of some outstanding work for the Church or for humanity. "Well, how," he pursued, "can I get the title of Reverend?" I told him that it is bestowed, in our denomination, after three

years' work in a theological seminary and upon the administration of the rite of ordination. He was still not satisfied. He wanted to preach, he said. He must preach! Right away! "Then preach," I advised him. "Nobody can stop you."

I do not know what he has since done about it. He has moved his office, and I have lost track of him. During his whole conversation with me his language would have put to shame the plain and fancy swearing of the most artistic mule-driver! From the appearance of his office and from the history that he gave me of himself, I came to the conclusion that he had fallen on evil times financially and was looking for an easy way to recoup!

LONELINESS WITHOUT PEACE

THUS, MANY and varied are the reasons why men enter the ministry. I do not want my son to enter the ministry to keep up the family succession or because of some sentiment or because it seems to offer a great deal of leisure nor, above all, because he may feel that financial ease and stability will be his. However, being the son of one minister and the grandson of another, it is not likely he will dwell very long upon this last consideration!

I do not want my son to be a minister because of the utter loneliness it imposes. We are told that Christ was lonely, and it is probable that none so well as the minister can understand what this implies. A Person in the community in which he lives, he is yet not a part of it. Looked up to — yes. Sought out for addresses, advice, and help — to be sure. Yet, when personal problems confront him, to whom can he turn? When sorrow and trouble stalk through his home, who brings to him the precious promise and comfort of the Scriptures that he conveys to others in like circumstances? When doubts assail him, and his faith wavers, as it does sometimes, to whom can he turn for assurance? The minister is not supposed to *have* doubts! When confronted by temptations, who is there to understand?

The minister is lonely, too, in his social contacts, however at variance with the common conception this may be. His first duty, socially as well as religiously, must be to the congregation whose pastor, at the moment, he is. He is bound to a very great degree by the cultural

plane of his congregation, else he is considered snobbish. Should he find congenial companionship with those whose tastes are more akin to his own, he is exclusive. He is denied intimate friendship within his own congregation, lest he be thought to be more partial to some than to others. All must be thought of and treated exactly alike — the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the zealous and the phlegmatic, the patrician and the boor. Probably this is proper in any society, but even in the ministry and the Church water still seeks its own level.

He is lonely in conversation. Most generally educated, well-read and abreast of the latest and best in books and affairs, he finds himself confined, more often than not, to a discussion of some phase of religion or the Church or morals or ethics. Perhaps it is an indication of the widespread interest in religion, as some of my brethren hold, but it has always seemed to me to be a sort of courtesy or concession on the part of the people, to discuss with the minister the only thing with which he is supposed to be concerned.

I have been in gatherings where doctors, lawyers, professors, and others were present, and I have noticed that, while the physician was not called upon to discuss symptoms, diagnosis, and materia medica; while the lawyer was not interrogated concerning the various aspects of the law; while the professor was not required to discourse upon the latest developments of his chosen branch of science, the conversation did turn to a discussion of religion.

All this may be very flattering, indeed, but honesty compels me to admit that there are times, perhaps just in the spirit of adventure, when the minister would like to forget church and religion and talk about something else, if for no other reason than the sake of variety.

And this leads very naturally to another reason why I do not want my son to be a minister. I want his home to be a place to which he can return for peace and quiet and relaxation. These are not always found in the parsonage. And the reason is quite simple. While the "call" or the appointment always comes to the minister, the minister's wife is expected to give almost as much time to the work of the Church as does her husband. She is expected to be on hand at every meeting in which the

women are particularly interested. She is expected to assist her husband in the parish visitation, to sing in the choir, to teach in the Sunday School, and to be active in the work with the young people; to say nothing of helping with dinners, sociables, and the like. Sometimes, where finances are low in the congregation, it is suggested that the minister's wife might serve as his private secretary. Too often the minister's wife becomes an assistant pastor without benefit of salary. Incidentally, a childless parsonage is not considered complete, but servants and nursemaids bespeak an extravagance unbecoming the cloth.

Always and ever the minister and his wife must live in an atmosphere of church. His wife knows all about his business, and I have known not a few instances when, due to her husband's illness or his absence from the city, she has even preached for him! Can one imagine this close association of husband and wife in any of the other professions, except in rare and scattered instances? For other men, the return home at night from the office or the shop is a new adventure. New scenes, new thoughts, recreation await him. For the minister, there comes from his wife a summary of the meetings of the Ladies' Aid, the Dorcas Society, or the missionary meeting. Then a hurried supper, and out to visit old Mrs. Grumpy, whom we really do not want to visit, but who has not been to church for a month because she is mad at Mrs. Peterson who didn't speak to her at the last bazaar, and it is our duty, the minister's and his wife's, to patch up their quarrel. The wonder is that domestic tranquillity abounds so generally in the parsonage!

CONSTRAINT WITHOUT OPPORTUNITY

BUT THERE are other considerations that influence me in my desire that my son choose some other life work than the ministry. I am fully convinced, after more than a decade and a half in the active pastorate, that the need of the Church, as well as the world, is for laymen of strong and courageous faith. It is greater even than the need for forceful and faithful ministers. Science, industry, business, and the professions need them.

Too often the minister is supposed to possess some special grace that gives him power to win souls to the Kingdom. He may be somewhat

more skilled in this capacity than the layman, yet the word of one not of the ministry, when aptly spoken, will often be much more convincing than that of the minister. And the reason therefor is not difficult to find. There is absent the feeling, when the layman speaks, that he is speaking as he does because he is paid to do so. The one addressed knows that the layman's interest in him springs from purely altruistic motives, while he cannot be so sure when the salaried minister speaks. Paul, while an Apostle, was still a layman, earning his living not by winning converts but by the fashioning of tents and sails. Who shall say that his missionary labors were not more effective for that very reason?

What large opportunities will be open to my son in this field! His will be the opportunity for aggressive leadership in Bible School and congregation. His will be the opportunity, equal to that of any minister, to influence the lives of youth through the teaching office. In business or the professions, he can leave his mark for religion and righteousness, as other laymen have done before him.

I do not want my son to enter the ministry because he will be so violently restricted in his self-expression. Nowhere else, it seems to me, is self-expression so stifled. Because of the traditions that surround the ministry, one in its ranks cannot with safety say or do what he desires. Nor is this condition brought about because either his thoughts or his deeds are evil. Rather, denominational tenets and requirements hold him to certain views; false conceptions and notions rule what he ought to do and what he ought not to do. Constantly he must be haunted by the fear of what his congregation or the community may say or do, should he depart from the well-beaten path laid out for him.

Does he feel, at some busy season, the need of

Freedom from the constant strife
Of warring sounds, and men, and things, —
The ceaseless turmoil each day brings,

and leave the city for a day or two of relaxation? He is lazy; he is not earning his salary. Is he fervid, perhaps a bit over-enthusiastic in his utterances? He is a scold. Does he disagree with the "Fathers"? He is a heretic. Does he, as tradition or tenet require that he do, frown upon certain social practices? He is narrow.

Is he a soul of poetic nature? He is impractical or a dreamer. Does he invest his meager savings in the stocks and bonds of industry? He is a gambler. Does he feel a yearning to do what others do and seem to enjoy so much? He cannot. I don't know why.

Always he must find his expression in the channels of thought and action commensurate with that of his parish. And it is to be little wondered that he is full of inhibitions and repressions and all too often falls a victim to nervous and mental collapse.

The ministry tends to stifle ambition. Therefore, I do not want my son to be a minister. Very few ministers of my acquaintance can be called mercenary, even by heavy straining of the imagination. Yet all whom I know are required to have a certain amount of income to enable them to live. Ministers usually have incomes. The average income in this country is somewhere around \$600 annually! And the income that any pastor receives is not usually determined by the earning power or the productive capacity of the minister himself, but by what the congregation feels it can afford to pay him — and this without great consideration for his financial requirements. If he hesitates or objects to the amount offered, “in order that he may be relieved of all worldly care,” he is passed by — considered too mercenary.

Speaking generally, it is thought, while not exactly unethical, to be very much outside the pale of the proper for a minister to augment his salary from sources outside the congregational treasury. A lawyer, a doctor, a merchant may, but not a minister. I know of congregations that require their pastors to credit to their salaries such perquisites as may accrue from weddings, funerals, and other incidental sources of income. They seem determined that a minister shall have so much and no more.

Whether a minister (having accepted a call or an appointment and the stipend that goes with it) labor diligently or indifferently, there is little likelihood of any change in his income. A man in almost any other vocation, all things else being equal, will show at the end of the year a profit proportionate to the energy expended. Not so the minister. Why, then, comes the reasonable question, wear oneself out for nothing? Here, if anywhere, virtue seems to be its own reward.

A THOUSAND TRIVIALITIES

I DO NOT want my son to be a minister because of the petty and trifling things with which he must be concerned. Likely no other executive, in any business, is compelled to discharge such a vast array of details as is the minister. He must be president, office boy, clerk, secretary. He must be the mender of broken hearts and broken furniture.

The Apostles once held a conference at which they took the stand that “it is not reason that we should leave the Word of God and serve tables,” in order that they might give themselves “continually to prayer and the ministry of the Word.”

Paul admonished Timothy to “preach the Word.” Timothy is expected to preach upon the same general theme, to practically the same people, each Sunday in the year (to say nothing of the in-between times he addresses them) and to bring them something fresh and stimulating upon each occasion. To fail to do so is to be set down as dry, uninteresting, and mediocre. But where and when, I ask, is Timothy, swamped in the minutiae of the complex, present-day church organization, to find time in which to study to show himself a workman approved unto either God or man?

Nor is this detail work confined to the church office. A minister must spend his time, his energy, and his money in unnecessary visitation of the members of his congregation. He is expected to call just to be calling. The people, it is contended, like to have him call. If there is sorrow or trouble or difficulty, the minister will want to go where he is needed, to give such consolation as will be comforting or such counsel as will be stimulating or such advice as will be helpful. But it is not this sort of visitation that saps the strength and peace of the minister. This he counts a joy and a privilege, but the other — calling just to be able to enumerate the number of visits made — making the rounds in hit-or-miss fashion — is, I hold, a waste of time for all concerned and is, in a manner, an attempt to hoodwink the members into coming to church against their own desires. The Kingdom of Heaven will not be very greatly enlarged through the small talk of the average pastoral call.

I see before my son, if he should enter the

I DON'T WANT MY SON TO BE A MINISTER

ministry, at least two thirds of his life made up in padding around fixing up little difficulties among the members of his parish. I see him bravely trying to smooth the waters that have been thrown into a tumult because somebody did something that somebody else didn't happen to like.

At this moment there is a member of my own congregation who is offended because nobody called her recently and asked her to go along to a bridge party to which some of my parishioners were invited. As a result, she has not been to church in months. I am expected to visit her and patch up the breach, which is not of my making, even though she has moved in the meantime, and I have no idea where she lives. I haven't called yet, and I doubt if I shall. What's the use?

This is one of the disheartening things in the work of the ministry, for one is bound to ask whether, after all, Christianity consists chiefly in keeping people coming to church.

AND AT THE END—WHAT?

BUT THERE is a final reason why I do not want my son to be a minister. I do not want him to be constantly threatened with that sword of Damocles—old age—which hangs always over his head. Because of the meager salaries that most ministers receive, little if anything can be laid aside for the time when he shall be superannuated. There will be little for my son to look forward to when the evening shadows fall, and the light of day

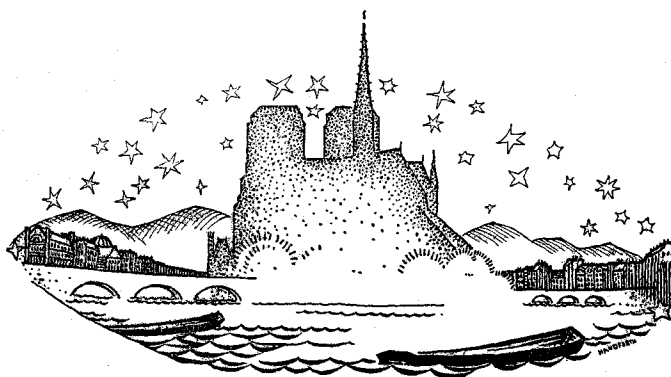
grows dim, beyond a home with his children or a room in some institution, with a mere pittance of a pension to meet his earthly needs. (In our church, one of the largest of the denominations, the amount of the pension is about \$300!)

This becomes a very real consideration for him when it is remembered that the Church, like business and industry, has a yearning for youth. A man whose hair has begun to whiten over the temples is accepted with much misgiving as to his vim, vigor, and vitality. I should personally be more comfortable, were the prospects of a minister's old age less freighted with visions of utter dependency.

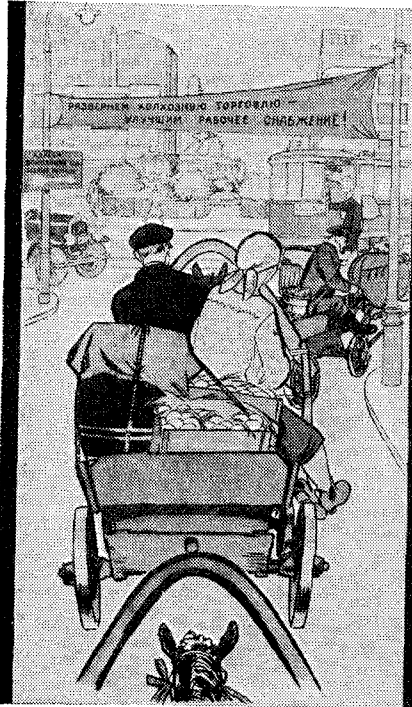
So, I shall not be disappointed if the family succession is broken by my son. I shall not hold it against him, nor shall I permit anyone else to hold against him the fact that he does not follow in his father's footsteps. Should he do so, there would be much in common between us, as there is between my father and me; still, I do not want my son to be a minister.

With his background, if heredity and environment and cultural advantages count for anything, I am confident that my son will succeed, perhaps above the average, in any vocation he may choose as his own. I shall not worry about my son's career. I shall not need to worry about his happiness, though he does not enter the ministry. I know he will find, outside the ministry, many delights and pleasures that his father does not know.

And still he can be among the elect of God.



GOING TO MARKET



1

The collective farmers are going to town, team after team, guided by signposts to the collective trade markets.



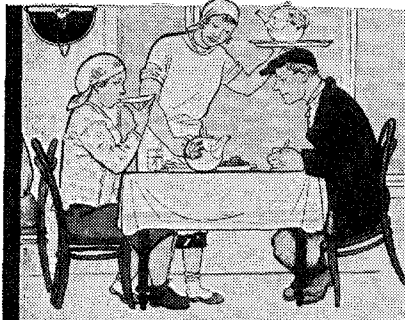
2

The collective farmers should avoid profiteers who are on the lookout to deprive them of the fruits of their labor.



3

The collective trade markets, however, give the farmers fair exchange for their products.



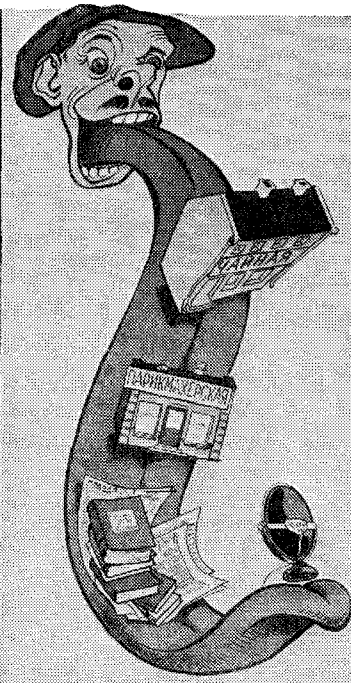
8

There should be restaurants for farmers, near the markets.



9

There should also be reliable information bureaus for the farmers, near the markets.



10

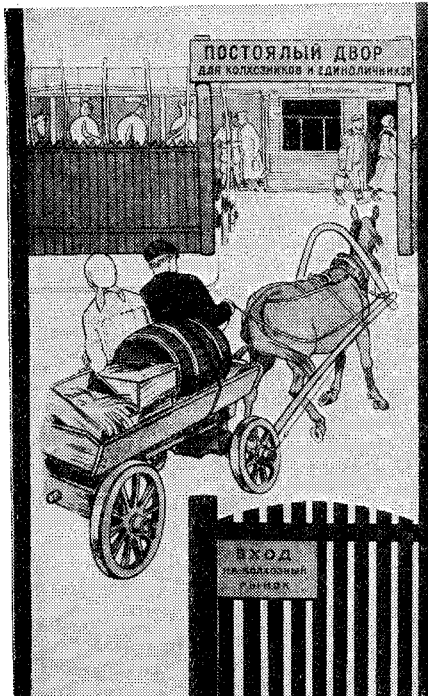
No longer should facilities for enlightening the farmers be but empty promises on the tongues of bureaucrats.



11

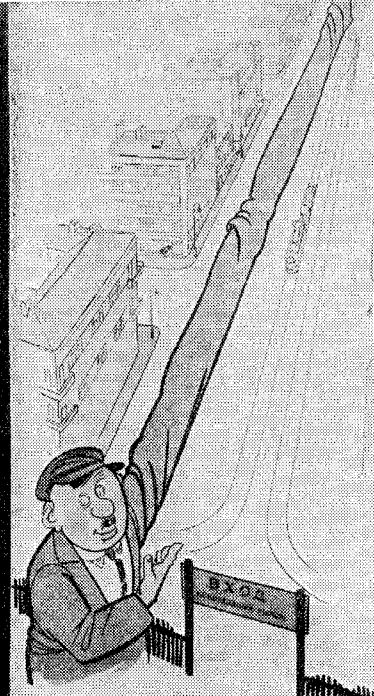
While the bureaucrats give nothing but promises, there are all sorts of charlatans preying upon unsuspecting farmers.

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4

Near the collective trade markets the farmers will find places to leave their teams while they attend to their business.



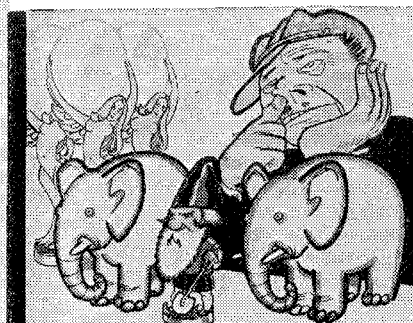
5

The farmers should look out for market-inns located by stupid bureaucrats beyond reach of collective trade markets.



6

The co-operative stores should offer the farmers a good assortment of useful products for their money.



7

Co-operative store bureaucrats should not offer the farmers an assortment of useless products like these.



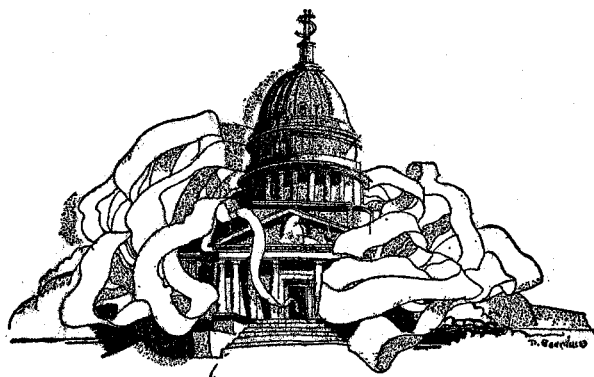
12

Let us open wide the door of collective-market trade and slam it into the faces of all our social enemies — the speculators, the profiteers, the charlatans, and the fakers — and let us make the road between the collective farmers and the workers clean, broad, and straight!

Courtesy of Amkniga Corporation

OUR NEW SYSTEM OF BUREAUCRACY

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN



FIRST CITIZEN Doe — John, to the tax-collector — still is a bit foggy about it all, but he will take the professor's word on it. It was a revolution. In a twinkling, as history goes, government ceased to exist as a mere gatherer of income taxes, regulator of railroads, and nemesis of wicked trusts and became overnight, as it seems in retrospect, an assessor of processing taxes and production quotas, supervisor of milk sheds and master of surplus pork, super-builder and gargantuan forester, banker on a scale never before dreamed in modern history, and manager of what now appears to be an unmanageable currency.

It was all very sudden and, to many estimable citizens, quite unexpected. The legislative pell-mell on Capitol Hill left even the hardest professional observers mumbling, as early as mid-April, and soon there began to appear in the Washington dispatches the incredible word, "revolution." Wary of this shocking characterization of national affairs, editors ignored the word for a time. But when, in June, the Treasury announced the "conversion factor" for pretzels and Zweiback, the headline-writers let go, too. Revolution it was. A conversion factor is merely a number which translates pounds of pretzels into bushels of wheat, for the computation of the processing

tax. But with so few of us in pretzels, the term signified to the country at large only one more confusion factor. And there is but one gentle word to cover bewilderment and confusion. "Revolution" became a respectable colloquialism.

Let us, then, examine this almost bloodless, if not entirely painless, revolution, in its influence upon the structure and functions of the federal establishment, its immediate effect upon the government personnel, and its bearing upon the national tax bill. Have we, in fact, set up a new system of government? Or have we merely added 37 new emergency cubits to the old structure, as the navy adds protective "blisters" to its old battleships? Who are the 40,000 new employees added to the federal payroll since last March? And how did all manage to escape competitive civil-service examinations?

Yes, we have a balanced budget — that is, one of our budgets is nominally balanced. But we have also an unbalanced budget — a second budget, which could not be balanced for the current fiscal year, were all prevailing federal taxes doubled for the remaining six months.

In the name of economy, some 12,000 men and women have been swept from the civil-service classification rolls. But a few more than 40,000 deserving citizens have been added to those patronage rolls which, by congressional enactment or presidential executive order, are specifically exempted from all civil-service regulations.

GOVERNMENT BY INITIAL

VIEWED ON this facet, the Roosevelt Revolution, in its first phase, was not a revolution at all, but merely — as the late Henry Van Dyke said of woman suffrage — "twice as much of the same thing." True, the federal government has ventured boldly into new

OUR NEW SYSTEM OF BUREAUCRACY

territory. But that is precisely what has occurred in the creation of every new bureau in Washington for half a century. A problem; a bureau; an appropriation. Solved! Such is the formula for that system of government which Alfred E. Smith describes as "the cold, clammy hand of bureaucracy."*

Costly? To be sure. It is fabulously costly. The new agencies created since last March now have a combined payroll which runs to approximately \$5,000,000 a month. But so long as the Treasury can support this formula — and as long as the taxpayers sustain the Treasury — new bureaus, boards, divisions, agencies, authorities, and corporations mark the politician's path of least resistance. Bureaucracy is the cosmic urge in American government. Checked for a time, it flowers in ever more extravagant splendor. Overwhelming both men and parties, it survives even such unequivocal denunciations as the following from the Democratic national platform for 1932:

We advocate an immediate and drastic reduction of governmental expenditures by abolishing useless commissions and offices, consolidating departments and bureaus and eliminating extravagance, to accomplish a saving of not less than 25 per cent in the cost of federal government, and we call upon the Democratic Party in the States to make a zealous effort to achieve a proportional result.

That plank was perfected in June, 1932. The special session of Congress, which assembled during the national banking holiday the following March, continued but 100 days. The table below lists the larger new agencies of government created during the session, with the number of employees on the rolls as of December 1, 1933:

H.O.L.C.	Home Owners' Loan Corporation	13,748
F.C.A.	Farm Credit Administration	6,769
A.A.A.	Agricultural Adjustment Administration	4,076
F.D.I.C.	Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation	1,614
N.R.A.	National Recovery Administration	1,922
P.W.A.	Public Works Administration	1,764
T.V.A.	Tennessee Valley Authority	934
Total		30,827

Nor is this the alphabetical half of it. The Federal Emergency Relief Administration, which has been doling out approximately \$50,000,000 a month since last May, has 150

* *At the Century of Progress Exposition; not in The New Outlook.*

people on its Washington administrative staff; the Federal Co-ordinator of Transportation employs 94; the Civilian Conservation Corps engages 109 officials and clerks and more than 1,000 army and navy officers and carries a monthly average of approximately 314,000 on its forestry payroll. In the Federal Trade Commission, the new unit which administers the Securities Act employs 87 persons. And the new United States Employment Service has 437 in the recovery vineyards. There remain, then, the Central Statistical Board, the Federal Commodities Corporation, National Labor Board, Commodity Finance Corporation, Petroleum Administrative Board, Federal Civil Works Administration, Retail Code Authority, Federal Housing Corporation, Soil Erosion Service, Subsistence Homesteads Division, Petroleum Labor Policy Board, Deposit Liquidation Board, Business Advisory and Planning Council, National Planning Board. Each of these agencies employs from 10 to 50 persons. As of December, all were less than seven months old. Eight had been in existence less than one month. Four were created in the last half of November.

To review the pension claims of World War soldiers and sailors, the Veterans' Administration, since July, has established 58 regional boards of inquiry throughout the country. Each board is composed of five members, at \$15 *per diem*. The Deposit Liquidation Board, created in October to hasten the reopening of banks closed by the March holiday orders, set up in November 64 co-operative regional bankers' committees, to receive applications for liquidating loans from the R. F. C. The H. O. L. C. maintains 257 branch offices and at least one appraiser and one title examiner in each of the 3,016 counties in the United States. Under the law, the title examiner must be a registered attorney. Similarly, the A. A. A. maintains quota inspectors in every contract-production country. F. C. A. and R. F. C. maintain 79 branch credit offices.

Balancing and co-ordinating the activities of all these new co-ordinating agencies, the Executive Council, composed of the Cabinet and chiefs of the emergency units, meets with the President once a week, to advise on major stratagems. From its \$3,300,000,000 construction fund, P. W. A. allotted \$10,000 to defray

the expenses of the Council, \$5,000,000 for administrative expenses of the N. R. A., and \$300,000,000 for the second six-month term of the C. C. C.

SABOTAGE OF THE CIVIL SERVICE

CLOSELY co-ordinated with this unprecedented expansion of the federal bureaucracy runs the challenging new policy in personnel administration, inaugurated under the direction of Postmaster General James A. Farley — a policy which veers sharply from the merit system established with the United States Civil Service Commission in 1883.

In all the new agencies, employment is specifically exempted from the three basic principles of the Civil Service Code — competitive examinations, dismissal for cause only, and promotion by efficiency ratings. The concerted opposition to any extension of the Civil Service Commission's authority was strikingly delineated last spring in the legislative history of the farm bill. As originally presented to the House Committee on Agriculture, this measure provided that all new employees should be selected from the civil-service classification rolls. The provision was stricken in committee. An effort to restore it failed on the floor, without a roll call. The Senate Committee on Agriculture reincorporated the original language, which was sustained on the floor. But in conference, the House stood firm. The Senate amendment was stricken. By various parliamentary maneuvers, the same result was achieved in every other bill creating a new administrative agency.

Nor has the sabotage of the merit system been limited to the new agencies. The National Civil Service Reform League reported on November 15 that it had twice requested information from the Post Office Department as to the number of postmasters dismissed since March, before the expiration of their appointed terms. In each instance the Post Office Department replied that the figures were not available.

"We have received numerous complaints of presidential postmasters being asked to resign before the expiration of their terms of office and being succeeded by acting postmasters, for obviously political reasons," this report ran.

Such charges from a mere partisan well might be dismissed as political froth. But the National Civil Service Reform League has been a going

concern since 1881. Its national campaign mobilized public sentiment behind the Pendleton Act of 1883, which created the Civil Service Commission. Among its directing vice-presidents to-day are James R. Angell, Newton D. Baker, Charles G. Dawes, William Cabell Bruce, A. Lawrence Lowell, Franklin MacVeagh, and Ogden H. Hammond.

"One common and recurring complaint," the League's report continued, "is that efficiency ratings have been juggled, so that when reductions in force become necessary those employees not *persona grata* may be removed, even though years longer in the service than employees retained."

Sustaining these general conclusions are the reports of the National Federation of Federal Employees, an association of some 70,000 workers in every branch of the government. President Luther C. Steward, of this organization, has tabulated some 12,000 classified employees dismissed from civil-service positions since last March — this while some 40,000 non-classified workers were being added in the new agencies. "Dangerous and indefensible," was Mr. Steward's characterization of the new policy, as he surveyed the government rolls in November. He charged:

Serious inroads are being made into the merit system by spoilsmen representing the largest army of political job hunters in the history of the nation. . . . In many instances, newly appointed politicians with administrative authority have begun forcing out capable, experienced employees with competitive status, in order to replace them with political hangers-on.

It is palpably absurd to expect the federal government to exert its maximum influence toward national economic recovery when such a large proportion of the agencies engaged in recovery work are overburdened with political appointees.

PLUM PUDDING

A FORMER governor of Mississippi is earning \$6,000 a year in the A. A. A. His only job is to read newspapers and magazines from all sections of the country and clip items reflecting editorial reaction to the farm program.

A former governor of Georgia is receiver for two defunct national banks in Washington, by appointment of the Comptroller of the Currency.

The son of the Clerk of the House of Representatives is Solicitor to the Department of Commerce.

A sister of a senator from Virginia is Registrar of the United States Treasury.

In New York, the Acting Chairman of the Democratic State Committee (Mr. Farley is himself the nominal chairman) is the regional consultant of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. He must approve every application for federal mortgage relief, before the papers may be forwarded to Washington.

In Ohio, the Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee also is the regional administrative officer for H. O. L. C.

James J. Hoey, who broke with Tammany Hall last Fall to seek the borough presidency of Manhattan on the Farley-McKee Recovery ticket, since has been appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for New York.

Two weeks after the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce, had dismissed 400 civil-service employees in the name of economy, a brother of a senator from Alabama was appointed, last July, to be Commercial Attaché in the United States Legation at Ottawa. The job pays \$6,500 a year. The report of the National Civil Service Reform League on this appointment concludes with the observation: "Colonel Bankhead's business experience was limited, and he had no familiarity with the duties of his position."

Patrick J. Maloney, of Columbia City, Indiana, is Treasurer of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. He had no previous experience in banking or finance. After teaching grade and high schools in Indiana for five years, he became interested in a Colorado gold-mining venture. At the time of his appointment, he was a director of the Indiana Telephone Association.

From Pennsylvania, a brother-in-law of the Democratic national committeeman, who had no background in railroading, was confirmed as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

A prominent party leader in Chicago, who never had been identified with banking or finance, was confirmed as a member of the Federal Reserve Board.

On July 12, President Roosevelt directed Mr. Farley to draft legislation to bring all postmasters under civil-service regulations, "in order that I may submit it to the next session of Congress." But in his address before a national postal convention, in Rochester, N. Y., in

August, Mr. Farley acknowledged that since March some 640 appointive postmasters had been removed, prior to the expiration of their terms, for violations of postal regulations. During the same month, Francis J. Sinnott, a prominent district leader in King's County, was named acting postmaster at Brooklyn. In announcing this appointment, Mr. Farley, then in Brooklyn, said the permanent appointment would be made "as soon as Mr. Sinnott completes his civil-service examination."

Such are some random fruits of the personnel policy enunciated by the Postmaster General in his deathless apothegm: "Patronage is a reward to those who have worked for party victory."

PLANNED PLUNDER

THE DRIVE for jobs was formally launched in Washington some three months before the inauguration. Late in December, 1932, the Senate approved a resolution submitted by Senator Kenneth D. McKellar, of Tennessee, directing the Civil Service Commission to publish "a list of offices, positions, places, and employments under the federal government and the District of Columbia *not* under civil service rules and regulations."

This "Plum Book," as Washington quickly styled it, comprised 420 printed pages, listing approximately 50,000 jobs, including many diplomatic posts. Circulated in thousands of copies, it cost the Government Printing Office more than \$6,000. It put patronage on a mail-order basis. Time and again during the summer, job-seekers were encountered in Washington corridors with copies of the official plunder index in hand, pencil marks encircling the plums selected for their personal wire-pulling excursions. So great was the demand for the salary catalogue that a Washington newspaper reprinted 5,000 copies, in tabloid form, for over-the-counter sale at 25 cents each.

It was only a coincidence, of course, that the first copies of this unique government publication were released on January 16, 1933, the 50th anniversary of the signing of the Pendleton Act, the original civil-service law, by President Arthur.

The Pendleton Act marked the culmination of a reform movement which had gained headway steadily since the 1850's. Confronted by a

throng of office-seekers in the White House, shortly after his first inauguration, Abraham Lincoln observed gravely: "There you see something which, in the course of time, will become a greater danger to the Republic than the rebellion itself." Four years later, he remarked to Carl Schurz, on the same subject: "I am afraid this thing is going to ruin republican government."

George William Curtis, one of the foremost champions of the 1883 law, thus epitomized the political debauchery at which the civil-service régime was aimed:

Every four years the whole machinery of the government is pulled to pieces. The country presents a most ridiculous, revolting, and disheartening spectacle. The business of the nation and the legislation of Congress are subordinated to the distribution of plunder among partisans. Presidents, Secretaries, Senators, Representatives are dogged, hunted, besieged, besought, denounced, and they become mere office brokers. . . . Economy, patriotism, honesty, honor, seem to have become words of no meaning.

Theodore Roosevelt, who served as a member of the Civil Service Commission from 1889 to 1895, was a vigorous defender of the reform. During his occupancy of the White House, the number of federal positions subject to competitive examinations was more than doubled. His state papers bear frequent testimony of his devotion to the merit system. "It is as democratic and American as the common-school system itself," he said on one occasion.

Hear, then, the arresting opening sentence of the 51st annual report of the National Civil Service Reform League, presented June 15, 1933:

The administration's program for recovery from the economic morass is seriously threatened by the spoils system, which may prove an insurmountable hurdle to its success.

Listing a few of the new agencies which had been created up to early June, the report continued:

The new administration has turned its back upon the only method of safeguarding these new agencies from maladministration. Without a single exception the agencies of government thus created have been thrown open to the political spoilsman to do with as he may see fit. The excuse given when objection has been made to exemption from civil service tests, has been that these agencies are a part of the emergency program, and that they may prove temporary in character. A more specious excuse could not be devised to hoodwink the public.

In the light of 1933 history, it is interesting, too, to recall that the Democratic national platform of 1932 was the first since 1872 which did not specifically pledge party support of the civil-service system.

THE JUGGLING ACT

NEW BUREAUS and new jobs inevitably entail increased expenditures. So great, indeed, was the financial burden of the New Deal that one budget apparently could not carry it. The new two-budget system spreads the deficit so thin that it has been entirely concealed. The public debt marches steadily upward.

Lashed to reluctant action by the money panic, the emergency Congress decreed savings of approximately \$450,000,000 a year — \$125,000,000 by the horizontal fifteen per cent pay cut and approximately \$325,000,000 in veteran pensions. It next imposed new taxes, estimated to yield roughly \$1,000,000,000 a year. In round numbers, therefore, the session took \$1,500,000,000 from the red side of Uncle Sam's ledger, for the fiscal year, 1934.

Then came the "emergency" program, to be financed through the second budget.

What is the net result?

During the fiscal year, 1933, ended June 30, last, the national debt, as officially reported by the Secretary of the Treasury, increased at the average rate of \$6,013,000 a day. But in the four months July to October, 1933 (the first third of the 1934 fiscal year), the average daily increase in the debt was \$6,079,000. To put it another way: our new fiscal policy has saved \$500,000,000 a year, increased taxes \$1,000,000,000 a year — and left us with only a slightly larger daily deficit. Even as Alice in Wonderland, we must run twice as fast to hold our ground.

We have it directly from the great practical economist, Wilkins Macawber, that no matter how many budgets one may devise, he may yet honestly mark his progress toward solvency by comparing his net debt from month to month. This, by some curious happenstance, our Treasury still does. The net debt of the United States Government on February 28, 1933, was \$20,700,000,000. On October 31, it was \$22,100,000,000. The net increase for eight months was \$1,400,000,000 — only about \$200,000,000 more than the deficit for the entire fiscal year,

OUR NEW SYSTEM OF BUREAUCRACY

1933, when we had only one budget.

But even this shocking picture does not represent the full scope of the government's enlarged program of spending and lending. Federal revenues for the eight months were \$561,000,000 greater than in the corresponding period of the previous year. For the period, March-October, therefore, the excess of federal outlay was, in round numbers, \$1,900,000,000. Reduced to a single sentence, we may summarize the cost of the New Deal in this way: for the first eight months, Treasury outlay has been at the average rate of \$245,000,000 *more* per month than in the corresponding period of the previous year.

Roughly \$120,000,000 monthly, of this increased outlay, was in the form of loans through the various emergency credit agencies. In theory, most of these eventually will be repaid.

As of December, 1933, average direct expenditures of the principal emergency spending agencies were computed from the daily Treasury statements at approximately the following sums:

Relief	\$50,000,000 per month
C. C. C.	\$20,000,000 " "
P. W. A.	\$30,000,000 " "
A. A. A.	\$25,000,000 " "
New payroll	\$ 5,000,000 " "
Increased interest	\$ 3,000,000 " "
Total	\$133,000,000 per month

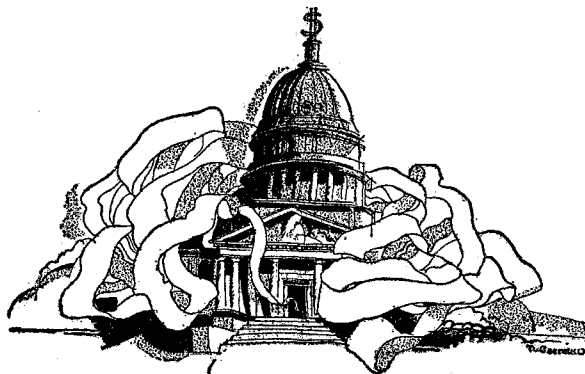
Nor is this all. Months must pass before we feel the full fiscal burden of the many-sided boot-strap program. Organized in July, the P. W. A. had allocated, by December 1, more than \$2,500,000,000 of its \$3,300,000,000 fund. But because of the time lag between an award and the actual withdrawal of money to pay the contractor, only about \$100,000,000 had been

checked out of the Treasury. Yet the balance of \$2,400,000,000 represents an obligation against federal resources quite as real as a Congressional appropriation. The allocations represent outstanding drafts against the Treasury. Under the new system of federal bookkeeping, however, these drafts are not carried as a budget charge until they are actually presented for collection. The same applies to an appropriation of \$50,000,000 to the T. V. A., only about \$500,000 of which had been expended up to November 1, and to the \$400,000,000 assigned by the President to the Federal Civil Works Administration, all of which is to be paid out before April 1, 1934.

The theoretical validity of the single-entry, double-cross system of public accounting does not fall within the scope of this discussion. The points presented in this survey of the revolution to date are only four: first, that despite a terrific nation-wide hue and cry against bureaucratic expansion, 37 new agencies of government have been created since last March; second, that in violation of a half century of American tradition, the spoils system has been revived in the federal administration; third, that in the face of an unqualified pledge to curtail governmental costs, the administration has increased expenditures by more than \$125,000,000 a month; and fourth, that the two-budget system operated as a device of concealment until the President delivered his budget address to Congress on January 4 regarding federal fiscal policies.

In the new session of Congress, two roads are open. Either federal finances will be honestly balanced, or the government soon will plunge headlong into direct inflation of the currency.

We have had a revolution — in spoils bureaucracy.





Woodcut by Rockwell Kent

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

O Still To Be

O still to be singing of midsummer nights!
 And still to breathe deep of the spice-scented air!
 Still to know each flower by name, the delights
 Of naming them after the colors they wear!
 Still to be a soul that dares to dream
 And, daring, lets the eternal stream
 Of intimations past reason, past death
 Sweep over him like a breath!

O still to be the same, the same, the same —
 A wandering singer, a seer who sings,
 An image of God sans glass, sans frame,
 A flower amid a thousand flowerings!
 Still in the clover and bluebell to dwell
 And hear heaven's clock like a golden bell
 Booming God's time in a jubilant scale
 Beyond the cloud's rainbow-veil!

O still to be thought a nothing, a drone,
 A windy fool in the eyes of the world!
 To be a dreamer the world will stone,
 A brother the brethren with cold lips curled
 In hate and scorn will brand and burn!
 Still to believe, though philosophers spurn
 That faith, that the sun and the moon of heaven
 Salute the dreamer, and the stars eleven!

O still to live to the day's last blooming
In a region of lonely and noble nature!
Still to await my beloved's coming,
With shawm and flute to announce her stature!
Still to be unafraid to stain
One's name, nor yet like a craven disdain
The beautiful lady's lips and throat —
When she has caught me by the coat!

O still to be guileless as the dove,
And now and then cunning as the snake!
Still to hail the heavens with banners of love
And thank the heavens that give and take!
Still to sit at dawn with streaming eyes
And ask oneself: Is life truth or lies?
A moment to laugh in? A moment to weep?
A moment to sleep?

O still to ask: Are the soul and the senses
Mere will-o'-the-wisp, a fragment of fire,
A fraction of God who recompenses
With a fugitive spark his servant's hire?
Still to feel one with it, bound to the Whole,
And in the faint outlines discern the Soul,
And wonder whether the beasts and flowers
Are aware of that Soul, feel its powers!

O still to study the scheme of Creation
And sink down deep into secret abysses!
Still to go gray with contemplation
Of blind trails through cosmic wildernesses!
Still to sit quiet observant, intent,
To guess what life means in mammoth and ant,
How life came to the pig and the brontosaurus,
The mastodon and the beasts before us!

O still to see all the species and forms
As mere sketches preluding man's clarion call!
Still to believe that in man's soul swarms
The strength and the scope of the waterfall!
Still to believe we are cast in God's shape
And not in the mould of the lordliest ape!
Still to believe this — though wisdom askance
Stare, and we're jibed at by ignorance!

O still to feel and to live and to breathe
Outside the struggle and heat of the day!
Still to see and to hear all above and beneath,
And still to be part of the infinite play!
Still to sing songs of the midsummer nights
Until Death puts a stop to the singer's delights! —
For this I shall thank all the gods with the strife
And the splendor of life!

HERMAN WILDENVEY

Translated from the Norwegian by Joseph Auslander

THE NEW DEAL AND ADVERTISING

Two Points of View

A Housewife Praises

BY CATHERINE HACKETT



WE TWENTY-EIGHT million women classified in the census with such sweet sentiment as "homemakers" are very considerate of Congress. We realize that its members are overworked passing new laws or revising old ones applying to farmers, bankers, merchants, longshoremen, diplomats, investors, railroad workers, radio announcers, and coal miners. When they occasionally throw us housewives a legislative crumb, such as the establishment of a legal butter-fat content or of a Bureau of Home Economics, we are surprised and grateful.

Imagine, then, our pleased astonishment when we heard that Congress was actually considering a major piece of legislation for us — a bill, introduced by Senator Copeland of the Red Carnation, to replace the Food and Drugs Act of 1906, under whose considerably antiquated protection we buy food and drug supplies for the family. The new bill, extending government protection of the consumer into fields undreamed of in the horse-and-buggy era of 1906, is "to prevent the manufacture, shipment, and sale of adulterated or misbranded food, drugs, and cosmetics, and to regulate traffic therein; to prevent the false advertise-

ment of food, drugs, and cosmetics; and for other purposes," including the establishment of government standards for quality and composition of various foods and provisions for accurate, informative labels on food in containers.

The present Food and Drugs Act, for which Dr. Harvey Wiley fought so valiantly a generation ago, was, of course, simply grand for the housewives of that day. It made canned salmon safe for the family dinner table on the cook's night off and relieved them of the necessity of conducting the "Simple Kitchen Tests for Adulterated Foods," described in a home magazine of 1906. It drove from the market many flagrant nostrums and alleged cures. It is still a good law as far as it goes — but in 1934 it simply doesn't go far enough. As a practicing housewife, I have had enough strange and startling experiences in buying food, toilet goods, and drugs for Henry and the three smaller ultimate consumers in my family to make me suspect that the Food and Drugs Act of 1906 is as antiquated as wire rats or shaving mugs, in this era when the grocer dispenses vitamins by the pound, and the druggist is the magic agent for securing health and beauty.

II

YOU CAN appreciate the state of civilization and the simplicity of housekeeping in that early day if you look over the advertisements in one of the women's magazines. In between the columns giving you the latest designs for lace tidies and hand embroidery for petticoats are a few modest suggestions that the housewife buy this or that. A famous brand of tomato soup was then only a product "made with high-grade skill, high-grade attention to detail, high-grade material." Malt powders could be added to milk only to make a "delicious food drink." Grape juice was then merely "a most delicious

beverage, either as a plain drink or made into a number of attractive, unfermented, temperance punches, offering a pleasant substitute for more harmful refreshments." The few advanced mothers who wanted to feed their infants from other sources than the maternal fount or dabs from the family dinner table were informed that a certain brand of prepared food had produced the picture of health shown in a photograph of a modestly draped baby. But most of the advertisements featured plush pillow tops, games for the family, cut glass-ware, pianos, and stove polish, which had no relation to the family health, sanitation, or beauty.

Housewives put up their own jams and vegetables and fruit. They dosed the family with sulphur and molasses for that tired feeling. Nobody got in a state over calcium deficiency, poor-appetite-from-lack-of-vitamin-B, halitosis, B.O., flora of the digestive tract, pink tooth-brush, or athlete's foot, because they either didn't know about them or considered them indelicate subjects for conversation. They didn't depend on druggists to keep the house and family germ-proof. And as for cosmetics — well, if Cousin Sally, who always had been sort of foolish about her looks, got a chronic skin trouble from using a freckle-remover containing mercury, or a neighbor developed lead poisoning after dyeing her hair, nobody considered that they deserved the slightest sympathy or the protection of the government.

Now, of course, we have changed all that, and it is a tribute to the efficiency of modern advertising that the new bill extends to it the same rule of false statements which was applied to labels in the Act of 1906 — with this difference: that while, under the present law, label claims must be both false *and* fraudulent (made with the producer's knowledge that they are false) in order to be punishable; under the new bill, even an advertisement is illegal, if it makes claims contrary to the best scientific opinion.

III

THIS BILL IS, of course, if it becomes a law, going to take a lot of excitement and adventure out of my daily life. I can hardly imagine life without the daily thrills of fear of pyorrhea, the menace of germs, or the thrilling realization that I can retain Henry's ardent

affection by using turtle-oil cream to stave off wrinkles in both layers of my face. And imagine never again having those moments of exciting uncertainty when I open a can or package from the corner grocery to see what I have got for my money, because all the labels will have to state in plain language just what kind and quality of food is within! Quality, for instance, stated in terms of A, B, or C on a can of peas, instead of the vague designation "early June" or "sweet wrinkled" or "extra sifted," which may mean something to "the trade" but not much to me until I have opened the can.

Imagine again having all the mystery torn away from the magic cereals and compounds and food concentrates which I buy for the family because they are "rich in vitamins and other important food elements." The good food products usually tell on the label just what I am getting, but at present they have to meet the competition of hundreds of similar or imitation products, vaguely designated by label, dishonestly described in pseudo-scientific advertisements.

Being a modern housewife, I try to feed the family vitamins and roughage and food elements which my grandmother didn't know existed. I know that if I don't give little Johnny enough of this or that vitamin the child may be physically handicapped for life. If Henry doesn't get the proper balance of various food elements, he'll most likely spend the evenings soddently reading the newspaper instead of vigorously taking me out to night clubs. Now if we get a law to make labels tell me what I'm getting, either stating that the product conforms to government standards of quality and identity or stating what it is composed of under the "common or usual" name, this business of buying is going to be a lot less mysterious and adventurous, but a lot more scientific.

May I call the attention of Congress to an embarrassing domestic incident that occurred once, simply because I have no way of knowing that a certain brand of mayonnaise is made with cottonseed oil? Aunt Mary brought her little Thomas for a visit. Thomas was one of those inconvenient children with what the doctors call "allergic reactions" to certain things. That is, he broke out most unbecomingly if he ate tomatoes or cottonseed oil. I gave him an extra amount of mayonnaise on

his salad to compensate for the necessary absence of tomatoes. (Shades of my grandmother, I don't even make my own mayonnaise!) Thomas promptly "broke out" in a really large way, because the mayonnaise, which I naïvely supposed was made with olive oil, was made with the fatal cottonseed. Aunt Mary has never forgiven me. "Allergic reactions" to various foods, which housewives in 1906 thought was just an inherited tendency to hives or eczema, now afflict about thirty per cent of our population, I understand. Surely a national situation of enough importance to justify the government in requiring the ingredients of food compounds to be clearly stated so you'll know what to stay away from.

Again, take Vitamin D, without which no modern child can keep healthy and efficient, and which you can get in concentrated form in four hundred different products at your grocery or drug store. Note the array of stylish "irradiated" foods, for instance, everything from peanut butter to cereal. But the labels either do not state the amount of Vitamin D in standardized terms or give it to me as something like "200 D," which doesn't mean much to the average housewife. I bought a new-fangled and expensive irradiated cereal recently, only to find out from the family doctor that my infant would have to consume four pounds of it daily to get the equivalent of a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil. Under the pending Copeland Bill, the Department of Agriculture could force the manufacturers of "scientific" foods to give me accurate label information in laymen's terms on what I buy.

IV

YOU BEGIN to see how adventurous and exciting this housewife's job of buying is? But just possibly too much excitement of this kind is bad for the nerves and hard on the family wage-earner. I know every member of Congress who has protested against the size of the family grocery bill will appreciate the economic argument. Well then, how about food containers, "so formed or filled as to mislead the purchaser," which are prohibited under the pending bill? Things like false bottoms in wooden cheese boxes. And I *would* like to have the government able to do something about a bottle of vanilla extract I bought the other day.

Looked at head-on, it appears to be properly a bottle of vanilla extract; but hold it sideways against the light, and it is four fifths solid bottle, the vanilla occupying a narrow longitudinal slit down the middle. Of course the amount was stated, under the present law, in fine print on the label, but how often do I stop to visualize a dram or an ounce?

Optical illusion is a fine art studied by a number of manufacturers who pack food in glass containers so "you can see just what you are getting." I had another embarrassing experience the day Henry's rich and fussy aunt dropped in unexpectedly for lunch. The grocer sent me on a hurry call a glass jar labeled "Chicken and Noodle Dinner." Apparently large pieces of choice white chicken meat temptingly mixed with a modicum of noodles. Good enough even for Henry's aunt.

"Very nice noodles," she commented coldly during lunch.

"I think, if you eat on a little farther, you may come across a piece of chicken," said I hopefully. The interior of that wretched jar was one solid mass of noodles; the only chicken was the few bits placed as window dressing against the glass, as much in the minority as the Republicans in Congress. I'd spent Henry's money for chicken and noodles, and received ninety per cent noodles, through no fault of my own.

I'd like to know how much maple syrup and how much cane-sugar syrup I get when I buy a can of "maple-flavored syrup," plainly intimating with a picture of a log cabin or some maple trees that the product contains considerable maple, and when the fact is that it has only two per cent; and how much tomato I get in tomato paste; and how much fruit I get in alleged jam. I want enough information on the label so I won't pay fancy, first-grade prices for second-grade goods, which on occasion meet my needs adequately. Relying heavily on advertisements to keep me abreast of scientific developments in food and drink and drugs and toilet goods, I'd like to be sure they were checked by government scientists for accuracy, as they would be under the new bill.

V

BUT IT IS when I go into the drug market that I would most like to feel the protecting

arm of the government, as it were, more carefully about me. You know from the advertisements how we wives and mothers carry the responsibility for the family health, how we are pictured with our graceful, well-manicured hands rubbing our infants' tummies or caressing our husbands' careworn brows. I'm taking the welfare and health of the family in my hands every time I go into a drug store to buy anything from a bottle of aspirin tablets to a hair tonic to keep Henry's bald spot from spreading. Drug labels under the present law cannot make false claims of curative powers, but for advertisements, the sky's the limit. And though the law provides now for what must appear on labels of products making medicinal claims, it makes no provision for telling me clearly just what I am buying and giving me necessary warnings. How was I to know, that time I gave the gardener an aspirin tablet for his headache — aspirin advertised as "nothing to depress the heart; you could take them every day in the year without ill effects" — that he would have one of his "spells" because he had the kind of heart that *is* affected by aspirin?

Being a fairly cautious person, I don't dose myself or my family with the more dramatic patent remedies for which the population pays more each year than it spends on doctors' fees. But I had an uncle, one of those slightly queer relatives to be found in almost every family, who paid twelve dollars a bottle for a product advertised in his favorite farm journal as a sure cure for diabetes and kept on paying it for dozens of bottles until he died — of diabetes. I know enough not to pay \$1.50 a pound for a mineral salt which can be bought in bulk, under its common name, for thirty-eight cents a pound, and which I heard on the radio would cure "diseases of the stomach, rheumatism, high *and* low blood pressure, and Bright's disease," for I have noticed that the label, more modest and truthful than the voice from the ether, says only that "a couple of glasses of mineral water thirty minutes before breakfast is very effective as a mild laxative."

But I do buy toothpaste, antiseptics, and cosmetics, the first two under the terms of the 1906 Act, the last under no regulation whatever. I once, in an unfortunate, hopeful moment, bought a bottle of liquid which I was told on the label was "absolutely safe and harm-

less," and would give me "pearly white teeth in a moment." I do like quick action, and perhaps with modern science such a magical transformation was possible. It was effected, however, with the aid of hydrochloric acid, which effectively removed the enamel from my teeth in several places.

Perhaps women foolish enough to dye their hair and eyelashes do not deserve government protection from very possible poisoning and blindness, but how about the lotions and creams and face powders which even the average housewife uses occasionally when she realizes that she simply *must* do something about her looks? How is she to know that a simple cream advertised as "rendering a clear, soft, pearly appearance of exquisite beauty" contains mercury which may, if she is susceptible, cause black pigmentation of the skin in certain areas? The majority of cosmetics are harmless, but any woman who wants to change her spots or the color of her hair may be punished for her vanity by lead or arsenic poisoning, because both labeling and advertising of cosmetics are untouched by the present Food and Drugs Act.

Of course, restricting advertising and labels to statements of scientific facts would take a lot of color and glamour and hope out of our daily lives. We would gradually lose our present belief that everything from chronic baldness to lack of sex appeal can be cured by buying just the right bottle or jar. But I am willing to accept that loss for the sake of saving the money I now lose through blind buying, the fun I'll get from finding out just what is in the things I buy for the family, and the restoration of my confidence in advertising. I can accept it too for the sake of the honest manufacturer and advertiser who, to save his own business, too often has to come down to the level of the unscrupulous producer and copy-writer in making extravagant claims and who could compete on the honest merits of his product.

It is time for me to go marketing for the family dinner. I believe I'll pass up canned and packaged vitamins and invaluable food elements in mysterious forms for once. I'm going to buy steak, potatoes, and carrots. They haven't changed a bit since 1906.

(In the following pages, Mr. John C. Sterling, a business man, presents his point of view.)

A Business Man Condemns

BY JOHN C. STERLING

THERE IS an old patent-medicine saying to the following effect: "You find the successful advertising argument, and I'll make the medicine to fit the advertising."

Could anything, at first blush, sound more ridiculous — more like putting the cart before the horse? Perhaps not, and yet never was there a more perfect example of a horse squarely in front of the wagon.

This, strange as it may seem, is so because business produces for a known demand. It took a long time for this state of things to arrive, but manufacturers have learned that advertising their market is more profitable than advertising their product. Instead of advertising soap they advertise nose pores. Surprising or not, people are more interested in the latter.

The result of the discovery by business of this situation has been the engagement of business in the study of human needs and the science of advertising to human desires. Manufacturers ever since have been straining their creative talents to make products that will live up to advertising-copy ideas. And advertising, the pace-setter, has dragged with it many a minor revolution and many a major advance of civilization. And now we are facing the possibility of legislation designed to put the horse once more in back of the wagon and make advertising again the unimaginative, dull pusher that it was years ago.

Let us first see who is getting fooled in this business. First, the public is fooling Professor R. B. Tugwell, who, as United States Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, has promoted bills known in the Senate as the Copeland Bill and in the House as the Sirovich Bill. These measures say, among other things, that it shall be a crime to publish advertising which may be, in any particular, misleading, either by statement or ambiguity. And the Professor is being fooled, because anyone is fooled who acquires a contempt for the intelligence of ordinary people. For people are rarely fooled by even the most

picturesque of advertising. They may be fooled by a poor quality, but they are rarely fooled, for long, by false claims. No, it is not the people who read them, but the manufacturer who makes false claims for his product who is fooled in the end. He fools himself.

II.

WHAT I WISH to point out in regard to the Tugwell Bill is the enormous difference between what needs to be accomplished in this field and what would actually be accomplished, should the Bill become law. Although I represent one of the businesses involved, I am also a consumer who wants protection as badly as the next man. And it is the consumer who would be the ultimate sufferer from the proposed legislation.

The principles in back of the Tugwell Bill are the finest possible. They are, briefly, to stop the manufacture and sale of harmful drugs and cosmetics and to enhance the purity of foods. They are to do away with all advertising which is fraudulent and which inspires gullible people to buy. Where the health of citizens is concerned, or the prevention of fruitless expenditure induced by false advertising claims, legislation is desirable, and no one could possibly take exception to its enactment.

But, personally, I feel pretty well protected against harmful foods and drugs by existing laws. It has been my observation, based on surveys which I have viewed, that almost everyone else had the same feeling until agitation was begun by the proponents of this bill.

Authorities have agreed that the existing food-and-drug law, enacted in 1906, stands as a monument of protective measures. While this act may need strengthening, I see no reason for emergency legislation on the subject just now, when the nation is directing every possible energy toward the recovery of business, and when every business is so busy adjusting itself to provisions of its codes that it is having difficulty in getting along at all.

Required in the Tugwell Bill is the disclosure of the complete formula of every product falling in the categories of food, drugs, or cosmetics. The theory is, of course, that the consumer will read long and attentively each label on every product that he buys and that he will carefully digest each of the terms thereon, re-

lating them to his own health and needs. He is expected to ignore a product that seems to him to be injurious in one manner or another. A splendid idea, provided the individual knows whether the ingredients listed are good for him or not — a doubtful contingency. At any rate, there can be little doubt that the passage of this bill will seriously damage the trade of many concerns whose merchandising methods have won the goodwill of great numbers of consumers: it will damage them by encouraging "just as good" substitutions and putting them on an equal footing with products which have had this goodwill and which have spent the advertising sums necessary to capture it.

The formula revelation, then, will not be of much benefit to the consumer, but it will seriously damage the manufacturers and thus eventually react to the consumer's disadvantage.

I can picture what will happen. The imitator chooses any one of a hundred or so famous products. He combines the ingredients listed on the container, using inferior grades and less costly compounding devices. He prints the label on the bottle or package in exactly the same manner as the reputable manufacturer and offers it for sale at a cheaper price. The consumer goes into the store, or a personal representative comes to him. The salesman says, "Our product is just as good. It has the same ingredients. You save by buying this product and you get identical value. Compare the labels and see for yourself." And because the label will no longer be simply that of the private manufacturer, but, in addition, of a government grade certifying quality, there is going to be a uniformity about these labels that will tend to destroy the value of private brands worth thousands of dollars.

Thus will the imitator, the racketeer, capitalize on the reputation and integrity of the honest manufacturer.

For example, there is a famous meat sauce of which there have been hundreds of attempted imitations. None has ever achieved the flavor or quality of the original. When the formula is revealed, anyone can manufacture it without the trouble or expense of the years or scientific compounding spent by the makers. Where is the justice in this, and what is it going to gain for the consumer?

III

RECENTLY THERE came to my attention the results of a national survey which had been conducted among women on the subject of advertising. While a small percentage indicated that they had ever been misled by advertisements, most of these, in specific instances, revealed that the fault had been their own. There was not one who did not hail the service of advertising as one of the most significant developments of our present-day civilization.

Since women are generally an accurate reflection of conclusive public sentiment, let us grant that advertising is a public service and a valuable one. Through that medium, the standards of our living, our health, and our education have been raised. Abuses of it there have been, and every fair-minded person wants those abuses corrected. But such instances should not serve to condemn all advertising.

Into nearly every industrial and business code there has been written a truth-in-advertising provision. Surely this should be proof enough that manufacturers want this truth and reliability as much as do consumers — more, probably, for they have reputations to maintain.

Under the Tugwell Bill it will become a criminal offense if an advertiser should make any statement about his product, in an advertisement or on the label, which might be deemed misleading by "ambiguity or inference." There is a provision so broad and so capable of elastic definition that it can have but one result: it will prevent any advertiser from ever knowing whether or not his statements are within the law. What will happen to the trade under such uncertainty is not difficult to imagine.

For it is a fact that in concealing untruth, a valuable amount of truth is suppressed. Advertising is concentrated salesmanship, and it requires appealing statements for success in enlisting interest and creating a desire to buy. The Tugwell Bill is going to declare a great deal of this to be criminal.

And yet it is this type of salesmanship that makes known the products that are brought forth to keep abreast of the times. It is through the advertising of these products that the general public knows that vitamins are valuable, or that balanced diets are essential. Mil-

lions are expended in research to present the best possible product, to give the public the greatest amount of health aid possible.

Reading over a December issue of a national magazine, I find the statement that "Your Christmas dinner is an assured success when you buy Blank products." It is possible that the cook might, by some diabolical chance, choose that day to scorch the coffee, oversalt the mincemeat, or put pepper in the cranberry sauce and make the meal so miserable that the guests parade off in a fury. The dinner would be a dismal failure, and yet the advertisement was hardly at fault, although it could be interpreted as a misleading statement.

Of course that is an extreme case, but it is, nevertheless, a good example of the manner in which the simplest statement might be twisted to fall without the law. No type of advertising would be absolutely safe under such an exacting phraseology as "ambiguity or inference."

IV

ADD TO THE uncertainty created by the wording of the Bill the knowledge that its administration is so ordered that continuity of policy in interpreting it is doubtful, and you have put the advertiser in a tight spot.

For the Tugwell Bill disposes of court procedure to pass on the legality of advertising. It sets up instead a dictatorship in the person of the Secretary of Agriculture, who would have sole power to rule whether or not advertising was misleading. The manufacturer would have no recourse from his decision. Such great power in the hands of a political appointee, without recourse to the courts, is bureaucratic and contrary to all democratic principles.

Economically, the Tugwell Bill will work a still greater hardship on the average consumer, who depends upon prepared remedies to relieve simple ailments. He is accustomed to reading the advertisements describing them and to purchasing them at the drug stores. If the Tugwell Bill becomes law, advertising of this type is going to be so curtailed that it is doubtful if the consumer will find many manufacturers willing to recommend their products for use in specific cures.

This service denied him, the consumer must rely on a doctor's prescription to obtain the proper product and to learn of new advances

in the field of medicine. This may be effective, but it will also be expensive.

The housewife, too, will have her troubles carrying on under the Tugwell Bill. She goes to buy without benefit of advertisements to guide her. She must read on labels hundreds of words, which must all be translated to her own needs. Or she must give it up, go to a doctor, and tell him she has a headache and wants a remedy. She must pay the doctor and the drug clerk.

She goes to the grocery shop, and there she must go through the same procedure of reading all the ingredients on the labels. Not even then can she be sure whether she is buying a product that has an irreproachable record behind it.

She must open many cans before she finds out what U. S. Grade A or B really is, and whether or not she wants to pay for that type. Whether she wants to read about "center slices" or a grade marking, it will not be left up to her. It will be the law to have products so marked.

Marketing now is rather simple for the housewife. She has the benefit of knowledge and knows that nothing is being concealed from her. She may make up her own mind as to how she wants to spend the family income. The right of that judgment will be taken from her, should this bill be passed.

It has been my observation that no one in this enlightened era wants "protection" from himself. That was conclusively proved by the failure of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Manufacturers who put spurious products on the market should be stopped. There is no question of that. But on the other hand, where is the evil in advertising claims that are merely unique or picturesque, if the buyer gets his money's worth? What do we care if George doesn't propose (as the ad said he would) the first night we use that new perfume?

It is undeniably true that now and then advertising has claimed too much, has run too far ahead of the product. But more often than not, advertising is largely responsible for whatever of value, of progress from outworn methods is in that same product. It has discovered and developed human needs and has made the chemist and the engineer build products to meet those needs. Are we going to destroy this service of advertising and punish all for the sins of a few?

ETHICS AND THE WAR DEBTS

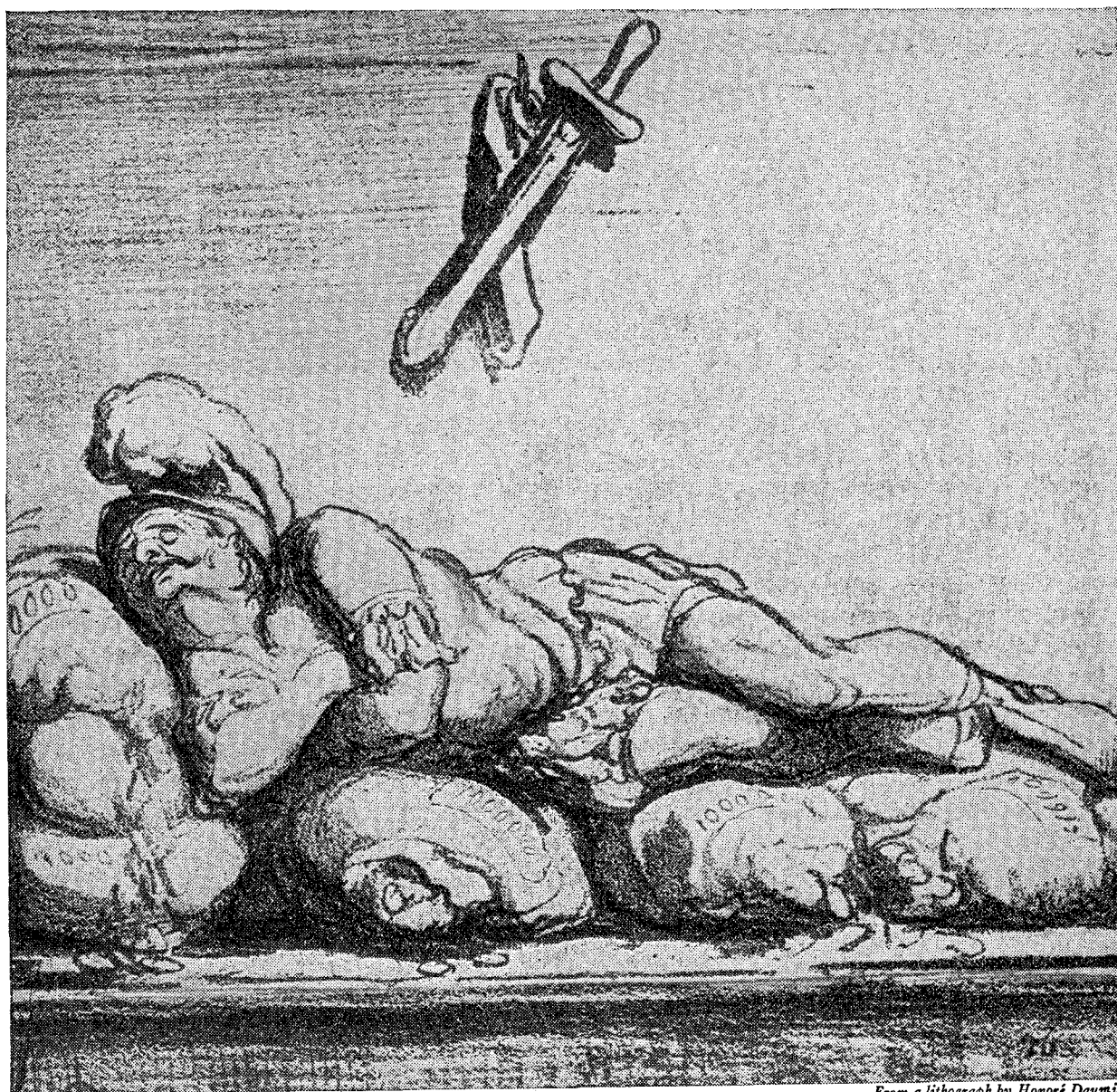
BY JOHN M. WARBEKE

A PRIMARY difficulty in any consideration of the war debts is the legalistic one of "rights." It was most laconically indicated by our former president when he asked the rhetorical question: "They hired the money, didn't they?" But rights have a remarkable facility in turning to positive evil when conditions change. Thus, it is pretty generally agreed among economists that our right to receive in return the commodities equivalent to those supplied to our late Allies would if carried out be disastrous to American industry and agriculture for a considerable period of time. Economists are also generally agreed that there would be no advantage to the nations producing these goods for us. So that from the standpoint of replacing war goods, the most elementary common sense joins with economic science in forgoing a right which brings nobody good.

For that reason we construe our rights in other terms. We insist that our debtors repay us in currency instead of in the commodities which they obtained from us. Was it not credits in good American dollars which we placed at their disposal? Who then can gainsay our right to have good American dollars returned to us? But again economists point out the difficulty of transferring large sums of money without disturbing the currency of the paying nation. And the resultant degradation of that currency only magnifies the "right," since a million dollars becomes four millions when you have to pay four times the original amount for each dollar in your own currency. Yet even this fantastic multiplication of our "rights," we are told, would lead to no advantage because of a corresponding limitation of our trade. Be that as it may, the question that stares us in the face is: how can our rights be thus multiplied? The answer is: by virtue of the assumption that American dollars remain a fixed quantity in

relation to a specific amount of refined gold. But gold like other commodities has its ups and downs, and with the great demand for it which developed after the war its price in relation to other commodities became extraordinarily high. We have recently seen the converse of this in measures taken by our government to reduce the value of the dollar.

Now assuming that what the Allies owe is currency, it is clear that a "right" to enhance the price of gold, and hence of dollars, is ethically indefensible. No ethical right can be an arbitrary variable, indefinite in quantity, for the simple reason that it puts one party at the mercy of another's policy. The same reason for which we find theft and lying morally reprehensible is back of such an assumed "right": namely, it does not contribute to the common good. True, that in our individual relationships there are variable rights. Thus we disregard the fact that a dollar repaid after a year or a month may not purchase as much as when the loan was made. But that is because neither creditor nor debtor has it in his power to increase or reduce the value of the debt. On the large-scale operations of national finance it is possible, as we know from the case of Germany, for a government to deprive all those in possession of its currency of its entire value. There is a possibility of our own government doing the same to the extent of halving the value of its dollar. Now it was the opposite of this which was brought about by our government's post-war policy of gathering in a large part of the world's gold supply and thus increasing its price and the corresponding value of dollars. By its tariff arrangements it still further increased the difficulty of obtaining exchange and thus increased the amount of its debtor's burdens by incalculable sums. Such a power is not equitable and did not make for the good of our debtors. Neither did it make for our own good,



From a lithograph by Honoré Daumier

He is asleep, but his mattress is costing us plenty

as was predicted by the manifesto of a large group of representative American economists before the depression came on.

II

BUT LET US, for the sake of the argument, assume that the Allies owe us a certain number of dollars, being the number loaned by us, plus interest, at a higher or lower rate as we may determine, quite independently of our power to increase or diminish the value of those dollars or to legislate against their only possible means of repayment. The case is still against us from the standpoint of most elementary ethical principles. For it can be shown that our government collected indirectly out of the moneys

advanced to the Allies sums which materially reduced the total of that capital indebtedness.

It is of course known to everybody that war prices were extremely high. So large were profits under these extraordinary conditions that laws were passed on October 3, 1917, and February 24, 1919, designed to give the United States Treasury part of these advantages. This was the Excess Profits Law, and in 1917 provisions were made to assess the profits of individuals and corporations up to 60 per cent. In 1918 this system of graduated federal taxation appropriated up to 80 per cent of the war profits. The law was in operation for a period of five years and brought into the United States Treasury the following sums:

1917 (from individuals and corporations).....	\$1,843,885,505
1918 (from corporations only).....	2,505,565,939
1919 (from corporations only).....	1,431,805,690
1920 (from corporations only).....	988,726,351
1921 (from corporations only).....	335,131,811

Later years (even up to 1927) brought in further delayed payments. But the figures for these five years are sufficiently significant. Altogether, the United States Treasury collected from excessive profits on account of the great war demand during five years a grand total of \$7,105,115,296.

The Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury for 1930 shows that except for insignificant amounts the credits granted to our Allies were entirely expended in our markets. They too paid the prices from which our government derived up to 60 per cent of the profits in 1917 and 80 per cent in 1918. It will probably be impossible, owing to the immense complexity of the law and the difficulty of obtaining access to so great a number of corporation records, to ascertain which of the Allied orders were taxed for 35 per cent, 60 per cent, or 80 per cent of the profits. We know certain general items: for example that expenditures for munitions from April 6, 1917, to November 1, 1920, amounted to \$2,493,700,000; for cotton \$2,644,700,000; and that the total net expenditures for the period amounted to \$10,296,000,000. But there seems to be no very accurate way of determining just how much of this outlay returned to the United States Treasury in the form of excess profits. That a considerable portion of the seven billions thus collected came from Allied orders is however beyond any question.

So far I have found but one person among the hundred to whom I have presented these data who dissented from this opinion. Many colleagues (college and university professors), a number of members of the bar, a former Secretary of the United States Treasury, and a member of the Young Reparations Commission are unanimous in their conviction that the collection of excess profits by our treasury on Allied orders constituted to that extent a *de facto*, and, according to elementary principles of international equity, a *de jure* repayment. The member of the Young Commission wrote me that he was fairly certain account of the excess-profit taxes had been taken by the Debt Fund-

ing Commission in the settlements. But Mr. Ogden L. Mills sent me official word that no account was taken of excess-profit taxes in the debt settlements.

III

A GROUP of economists, after long and painstaking investigation of American trade in relation to the question, published in 1932 a book in which they came to the "unequivocal" conclusions that:

1. A complete obliteration of all reparations and war-debt obligations would promote rather than retard world economic prosperity.
2. The collection of inter-governmental debts would be economically detrimental, rather than beneficial to the creditor nations:

If this be true (and the evidence seems to be as unequivocal here as that which predicted the great depression) then the student of ethics as certainly concludes that the question of "rights," or the letter of the bond, yields to the answer, "the common good." If the legal stickler still persists, it will also be possible to provide him with excellent precedents, notably the unconditional cancellation of all her continental debts by Great Britain after the Napoleonic wars. There is also the further item of legal technicality in the losses suffered by certain of our Allies through their loans during Civil War times, debts which were later repudiated. Finally (so far as this brief paper is concerned) there is the question of our non-participation in hostilities (except financially) for some time after our declaration of war. Had the Allies' defenses broken down at that time the outcome would have been very different for us. No one would wish to measure hundreds of thousands (possibly millions) of American lives against any sums of money. It is simply impossible to estimate our debt on that score, even supposing our forces had been engaged the time they would have been but for the defenses of the Allies. Never was a greater opportunity presented for a nation to regain its position of honor, friendship, and moral leadership by action at once generous and in the interests of all, including herself. They who, blind to the real data and issues involved, persist in a course at once unjust, suicidal, and generally destructive are surely not the Americans whom history will count worthy of remembrance by future generations.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW SPEAKS FOR HERSELF

ANONYMOUS

A RECENT FORUM article from a perplexed daughter-in-law has almost persuaded me that there is a Mother-in-Law Problem. Almost, but not quite. My life is an inconspicuous strand in the human tapestry, but there are three generations of mothers-in-law in it, and possibly it may serve a useful purpose to withdraw the thread and lay it on the table for study.

My very earliest recollection of home life has a mother-in-law in it. None of my memories are without one. Now I am a mother-in-law myself. Let me go back.

There was no problem about my mother's mother. She lived with us when I was a very small girl, but I can recall no instance when she was singled out as different from the rest of us. Father treated her as he would his own mother, and if she wished to spend an afternoon with a friend in the far end of town, he harnessed old Dick to the carriage and took her there, just as he drove his wife to a meeting of the Sewing Society or his children to the dentist. It was all very simple. Perhaps my recollections are incomplete, or perhaps old people have a tendency to forget the disagreeable phases of past life, or perhaps the members of our family were unusually adaptable to delicate situations. At any rate, to the best of my knowledge, my first mother-in-law acquaintance was one of the family, and that was all there was to that.

I FACE AN EARLY PROBLEM

EVENTUALLY, however, I acquired a mother-in-law of my own, and it is true that for a time she might have been catalogued as a Problem. She let it be known in the first place (and in no uncertain way) that when Tom and I were married I was taking her boy away from her. She had, she claimed, high plans for him, and I was deliberately destroying them. Inas-

much as Tom was thirty years of age when this catastrophe took place, it might appear that the high plans were slow of development. Nevertheless it was difficult for me to overcome the feeling that my husband's mother regarded me as a sort of malignant growth.

But there seemed to be nothing I could do about it. No matter what advances or maneuvers I attempted to improve the situation, they invariably proved to be unfortunately timed. And so the state of affairs remained, until one day I chanced to overhear a conversation of hers in which her companion happened to remark on certain conduct of mine in a vein of light criticism. Actually the criticism was quite deserved — in fact it was too mild. But to my utter amazement and not inconsiderable pleasure that old warrior who was my mother-in-law leaped furiously to my defense and, in a vocabulary that was caustic to say the least, reduced the offender veritably to ashes of shame. I couldn't help listening delightedly. Next day I gave the old dear a tin of candied ginger — she loved candied ginger. This gesture served to mystify her utterly, and it never occurred to her to suspect that I knew she liked me — a fact which she cleverly concealed in my presence.

This incident served to ease the situation as far as I was concerned, although outwardly all remained as before. There came a time, however, when we were brought into a relationship necessitating a drastic readjustment. My mother-in-law's second son, with whom she had lived, since my marriage to Tom, at her old home, lost his life in a sailing accident. There was no one left to take care of her but my husband, and so, little as either she or I relished the prospect, she came to live with us. I tried to take the shift philosophically and to realize in addition that she was suffering severely from the shock of her son's death.

I attempted to be as forbearing and tolerant as possible. Still, it was a trial.

As you may have gathered, my mother-in-law was what might be called a forceful character. She had always been, too, an energetic, hard-working housekeeper. Idleness under any circumstances had become impossible for her. As soon as this became evident I went into conference in the kitchen with Katie and impressed it imperatively upon her that if Madam wanted to potter about her domain she must be allowed to think she was welcome. Fortunately, this scheme was a huge success. Not only did it satisfy my mother-in-law, but it lightened Katie's load appreciably and improved her cooking. That at least was something.

We converted the upstairs sitting room for use as my mother-in-law's bedroom. On the third floor we arranged a room for her sewing machine, highboy, table, easy chair, and so on. Here she was free to do as she pleased: loaf, read, work, or make tea for herself. We never intruded. Now and then, pausing on the floor below, I would hear her humming a tune to herself in her sanctum and I would smile. Wild horses would not have dragged from her an admission of such light-heartedness.

THE PROBLEM IS RESOLVED

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW's natural or acquired habit of command did not go unnoticed about the house. Chiefly it asserted itself in little things—trivial, nagging incidents. Tom understood my problem and backed me to the limit, but that didn't help; if anything, it made matters worse. For to his mother Tom would always be a little boy. His opinions were worthless.

Hence the burden of diplomacy fell on me, and I tried to take it unconcernedly. Whenever possible, I tried to disregard my mother-in-law's well-meant intrusions, attempting, of course, to be discreet about it. For the most part I was successful, but there was one subject on which a showdown had to come. That was the children.

My mother-in-law, as was only to be expected, felt it incumbent on herself to offer suggestions, from the breadth of her experience, on the proper treatment of young Ned and his sister Emily. Doubtless the suggestions were sincere and well-intentioned. But they were (although

I dislike using the term) old-fashioned and they were not my ideas. Furthermore the children were quick to note and more rapid to take advantage of her unconcealed contempt for my own system of control. It was demoralizing, to say the least.

At last I gathered what courage I could command and issued a declaration. I did not mince words. I informed my mother-in-law, in short, that in all matters having to do with our treatment of the children she would be most helpful if she became (and remained) deaf, dumb, and blind.

She was hurt, of course. Hadn't she brought up two of the finest boys in the world? I ought to know—I had grabbed one of them off fast enough; she knew, without having it flung in her face, that her good intentions weren't appreciated; she was in the way—anyone could see that; but it humiliated her to be reminded that she was a nuisance; she hoped the Lord would take her before everyone went crazy trying to put up with her. . . . By this time she had reached her room, and a moment later her door was closed with emphasis.

After a little while, when the sobbing within had subsided, I took her an aspirin, a pot of tea, and a plate of cookies. She was a little sheepish in accepting my offering and eventually let me know in a left-handed way that she would try to be good. There was no more trouble about the children.

It was eight years after this episode before the Lord finally did take my mother-in-law, and long before that she was my most valiant ally. She openly acknowledged that a daughter of her own, had she been so favored, couldn't have been nicer. We came really to love each other and didn't mind showing it. And as I look back upon those eight trying years I am aware of her value to me. Her imperious energy was as stimulating as a cold shower, and the training she gave me in self-discipline was priceless.

THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT

AND NOW IT is my turn. Ned has married Ann, and if there is a problem in their family, I am it.

Before their marriage I issued an edict that there were to be no in-laws at all. Any girl, I said, whoever or whatever she might be, who married my son, should become automatically

my own daughter, to be treated by me exactly as Ned and Emily were treated. I should expect the same reciprocity.

Ann was a darling. It was no effort to take her to the family bosom, and yet, when daughter Emily's work called her into channels where I could not follow, and Ned and Ann decided to have me come with them, I am afraid I wasn't very nice about it. I had been in command of my household for a good many years and I wasn't an old woman — I was well able to look after myself. But Ned couldn't rest easily with me living alone four hundred miles away. The house might catch fire in the night; I might step in front of an automobile; I might have a sudden attack of something acute. So I gave up and here I am.

The first month or so was a bit difficult — as difficult for Ned and Ann as it was for me. They gave me a pleasant room with my own furniture, even to footstool, knitting basket, and plants in the windows. There was also the living room, with piano and magazines, and the sunroom, with its comfortable day bed. There were four-year-old Jane (my namesake) and baby Tom. I love babies, and these are particularly sweet.

Actually living with Ann, however, revealed to me what an incompetent housewife she was. She used good butter for cooking; she discarded bones of the roast that had plenty of meat on them, and could have been used; she threw away bacon drippings. My defrosting day for the electric icebox had always been Friday, and when on Friday mornings force of habit led me there to find a thick crust on the element, I was impelled to shut off the current — until I discovered (Ann adroitly let it be a discovery) that her defrosting day was Saturday. In this, as in other cases, our principal difference has been that of schedule. I had always attended to the Saturday ordering immediately after breakfast, and the week-end preparations were in full swing by nine o'clock. Ann put off her marketing until Saturday night — and then took Ned with her.

AND THE SHOE FITS

BUT AFTER ALL, why not? If Ned and Ann find pleasure on Saturday evenings in strolling through the markets, the five-and-ten, the newsstands and gift shops; if they elect to

perch on drug-store stools and sip soda and then come home chattering and giggling like a pair of carefree children, who cares? Isn't it a comforting thought, in these days of precarious domestic relations, that they enjoy one another's company? They always bring home some foolish thing for me — salted almonds or a couple of roses. As for butter, if the meals are ample and appetizing, who should be concerned about ingredients? And bacon drippings—bah! Nobody fries things in grease any more. It is more healthful to use deep fat and then paper for draining.

Ann does her own work, with a woman who comes in only one day a week. With the babies taking a lot of her time, she is kept pretty busy, but I am not expected to do any more than it pleases me to do. She gives Tommy his bath directly after breakfast, without clearing the table. If it suits me to wash the dishes, there they are; otherwise, she will attend to them when she gets around to it, as she did before I came. So washing the breakfast dishes has become one of my little duties as a co-operative member of the family. Ann smokes cigarettes — not excessively, but whenever she feels like it. I have never liked to see women smoking, but why fret about it? She doesn't urge me to join her, nor comment on my outworn notions. If she decides to let the baby cry, instead of trying to pacify him in the old-fashioned way, very well; it is her child, not mine.

When I am struck with an impulse to run down to the library, all I have to do is put on a hat and take my latchkey. If the notion happens to be a visit with friends in the old home town, I simply add to the hat and latchkey my little traveling case. I stay as long as I like. When I return, my cozy room is waiting, and it takes only a moment to put another plate on the table. Two of our neighbors are about my age and most friendly, and we go to a picture show or a lecture together whenever the spirit moves us. We gossip about everything and everybody and enjoy it hugely — always in the best of humor and never, never dreaming of passing it along.

If Ned and Ann want to take the children and visit the other grandma for a week-end or longer, they know that I will feed the dog and the goldfish and water the plants. If they take

it into their heads to dine out and dance, there is never anything to be done for the babies when once they are in bed: hence, I have a chance to cast wisdom in the discard and fix up some crazy dish to amuse myself — something like cabbage and cream-cheese salad, with a thick slab of fruit cake for dessert and a second cup of coffee.

I have come to the conclusion that people who are old enough to be married have reached an age when they may be allowed to do their own thinking. If they make mistakes, they should be treated no differently than when they discovered in childhood that if they didn't balance themselves they would fall. Let them learn by trial and error. Advice from the elders, be it ever so rich with experience, is not important, even if heeded — and it usually isn't. Time enough to give advice when it is sought. A mother-in-law must either keep briskly in step with the generations as they come along or else retire to the rear and let the young folks

drag her — a process fatiguing to both parties.

Outside my window stands a huge oak tree, whose leaves do not fall in autumn when the other trees shed theirs. All winter long, bitter winds and cold, stinging storms battle with that old tree, in an effort to strip it naked. Those dry, dead leaves won't budge; they just curl a little tighter and cling. But in the spring, when the soft rains sink quietly down to the slumbering roots, when the warming sun smiles with gentle encouragement, the old oak weakens. It casts off the ugly, useless foliage with a quick gesture and begins with revived energy to grow another thatch. It seems to me that if we let our tears of tender sympathy and the sunshine of understanding affection permeate the little, trivial incidents that make up the life of a family, all the useless, outworn habits that have clung so tightly through the chilling blasts of self-sufficient indifference will yield to newer and better ways — even in a deep-rooted, stubborn old oak of a mother-in-law.

To One Dead

It is pleasant to me to know that I have done with you.
If I owed you a debt, I have paid it;
If I mistook you, I have set it right;
If you wronged me, I have obliterated the wrong.
And so we are quits and at peace.

You cannot say that I have betrayed you,
For what in you was sharp rippling flame
I have fostered, and what was dark smoke
Of evil and hatred and suspicion I have ignored.

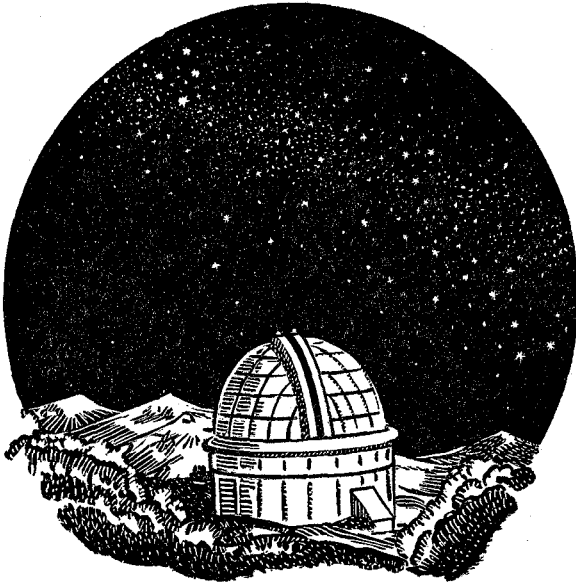
I have dealt with you more kindly than I would be dealt by —
Is there any purer justice?

Nevertheless I am glad to be done with you,
To say: "It is all finished,"
And to wave a last, but never indifferent, farewell.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

WAS THERE A CREATION?

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES



THE CLUMSY antics of fundamentalists have given a disreputable sound to the word "creation" in the ears of most of us. We prefer to think that the universe was not born, but that it "just grew." Since the beginning was certainly not on a May morning in 4004 B.C., as Bishop Lightfoot thought he proved so adequately, we prefer to assign no date at all.

And yet science has accumulated evidence that forces us to accept once more the idea of a definite time of creation, remote, it is true, but nevertheless measurable. We can even get some idea of the probable events of that "first day" and, still further, we can talk logically of how things might have turned out differently from the start, if the act of creation had been performed with just a slight variation. And we can do all this in the same hard-headed way that enables us to invent automobiles or manufacture electricity.

In the beginning, we can say, there was a spherical space, much smaller than space is at present; and the whole of this was filled with

matter uniformly distributed at the rate of one proton and one electron per liter. You naturally ask why a spherical space, why smaller than now, and why this distribution of matter? The scientist has answers to all these questions: spherical, because all the facts and the mathematics connecting them show that the geometry of the universe can be explained only by assuming that space is curved in on itself into something like a sphere. Why smaller? Because everything goes to prove that at the very moment of creation the universe began to explode outward and has been going on exploding ever since. And why uniform distribution of matter? This is for philosophic and æsthetic reasons chiefly. The human mind is bound to think of things beginning in the simplest way, and if there had been more matter in one place than another, that unevenness would have required an explanation leading back to a simpler condition; so we assume that there must have been evenness before the first unevenness. Moreover, as Eddington has said, there is no real distinction between universal sameness and nothingness; so that creation took place the moment this universal sameness (or nothingness) changed into a number of local differentnesses. How did this happen?

Nobody knows the how or the why, but what actually did happen is certain. The universal sameness, with one electron and one proton in every liter of space, changed so that more protons and electrons got piled up in some places, leaving other places emptier than before. It was a dangerous moment, for this local piling up might have happened in two ways. If things had happened one way, the force of gravitation would have begun to work unhindered by any other force, so that all matter would have fallen in on itself, until, after some millions of years of contracting, the

universe would have become a pin point and then perhaps gone out altogether. This would have been most distressing, as there would hardly have been suitable conditions in a contracting universe for life to have evolved at all. But this did not happen; instead, another force was set in motion, a force about which we know very little except the name we have given it, namely, the force of cosmic repulsion. This force brings it about that, although the atoms forming the large concentrations of matter fall together as a result of gravitation, the concentrations themselves, taken as a whole, begin to rush apart from one another. The universe exploded instead of going out; it took infinity as its goal instead of ultimate nothingness.

OUR EXPLODING UNIVERSE

IT is important to realize that there are very concrete reasons for knowing this much about the creation. It is not the result of any pipe dreaming of theorists but the logical deduction from things seen through telescopes and spectroscopes. We know that creation meant the explosion of the universe at the moment it was born, for we can still watch it exploding.

Outside our galaxy of stars there lie almost countless other galaxies, the nebulae. When their light is examined through the spectroscope they give unmistakable evidence of immense speeds outward into space and away from our own galaxy; and the farther out in space they lie, the quicker they are moving away. The nearer of these island universes of unborn stars are hurrying away fast enough, but the further ones are moving even faster. In a few million years they will have disappeared altogether, unless we invent more powerful means than we have as yet of keeping track of them. We know of this shrapnel-like scattering because it leaves its traces on the light of the nebulae. Whenever an electron, revolving round the nucleus of an atom, changes from one orbit to another, it absorbs or gives out a store of energy; these changes leave dark lines at certain definite places on the rainbow-like spectrum of light from a star or a nebula. If the source of light is moving away from the earth, all these lines are seen shifted a minute distance toward the red end

of the spectrum, and from the amount of this shift can be readily gauged the speed at which the object is rushing away. Now we know the speeds and the distances of the nebulae and we can therefore calculate the length of time that they can have been moving to get to their present positions; and we know that this figure gives us the date of creation.

The first "day" of creation, then, was the day upon which the universe as a whole began to explode. The second "day" is concerned with the creation of our own private star galaxy. After the initial explosion, the separate clouds of matter shot in all directions, each rotating on its own axis and contracting under the influence of gravitation. One of these clouds gave birth in course of time to all the stars and our own sun. We can calculate within a few million million years when this happened.

IN THE BEGINNING

TO BEGIN with, the nebula was spherical like the universe as a whole, but under the influence of its own rotation, it became flattened at the poles, just as the rotation of the earth has flattened it at the poles. Only since the nebula was made of gas the flattening went much farther, until, indeed, the shape resembled a disc and not a ball at all. Again we need not rely only on theory for we can see in the skies nebulae in every stage of flattening and watch, therefore, all the stages through which our own nebula must have passed.

At a certain stage of this flattening, the strains became too great to allow of the nebula keeping all its matter together intact. Rings of gas shot off around the equator and fell away from the main mass and broke up gradually into separate stars. There are many nebulae that reveal this stage to us as we look at them to-day through the telescope. Gradually in this way all of the original mother nebula evolved into stars. But we can set a definite time during which this creative act took place. Stars have not come into being regularly throughout eternity. Nearly all of them were created in the period from five million million to ten million million years ago.

How do we know this? The calculation can be made in three or four quite different ways, and always the same answer is arrived at.

Always we conclude that though the second day of creation lasted rather longer than the fundamentalist thinks, nevertheless it had a definite evening and morning.

In the first place we can judge the age of an individual star by its weight. The more massive a star is, the younger it is; very big stars are infants, and very light ones are the oldest inhabitants. Now in human populations there is a definite proportion of old and young, and if stars, like men, were being born all the time, we should expect to find the same proportion of old and young in the star population. But we do not; there are far too many middle-aged stars and far too few young ones. The creation of new stars stopped long ago. If we found a country in which nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand people were between the age of thirty-five and forty-five we should know that for some reason the act of creation began there forty-five years ago and ceased ten years later. So with the stars, we know that creation began about ten million million years ago and ended five million million years ago.

There is another way in which we can calculate the date of the creation of the stars. All the stars continue the rotation of the original mother nebula; the sun among them, they are moving in vast orbits round a common center. A law of mechanics shows that in the end they will all be moving in their orbits in such a way that their "energies of motion" will be the same. That is, however fast any star was moving at the beginning, after a sufficient lapse of time, the action of all the other stars will alter its pace so that its speed multiplied by its weight will give the same product as the speed and weight of any other star. The heaviest stars will move most slowly, the lightest most rapidly.

Consider the traffic on a street with traffic lights. When the traffic lights change, and the traffic moves, there are at first groups of cars with gaps in between. Gradually the gaps fill up; the faster cars go ahead, and the others fall behind; after a certain interval the stream of cars is continuous. An observer could tell from the extent to which the gaps had been filled up, how long had elapsed since the traffic lights last changed. So with the stars; the extent to which they approximate to the necessary final

condition of uniform energy of motion is an indication of how long they have been moving so far; and the calculation gives us the same answer as before, namely, five to ten million million years.

It is always good to have a third way to check such abstruse calculations, and this astronomers find through considering the movements of double stars. A very large number of stars when looked at through telescope and spectroscope turn out to be pairs revolving around one another. Under the early stresses the original stars split in two and began to revolve about one another in eternal marriage. These marriages are very perfect at first, and the stars revolve in perfect circles. But as time passes, the action of all the other stars gradually spoils the original perfection, and the circular orbits change to flattened ellipses. By calculating the extent to which this change has crept in, it is possible to discover how long has elapsed since the birth of the twin stars; and the calculation once more gives five to ten million million years ago as the "second day" of creation.

THE MYSTERY OF CREATION

IF WE come now to the creation of our own earth, we find a rather peculiar feature. We must admit that the actual cause of the creation of the universe, the light that touched off the fuse leading to that greatest of explosions is a mystery to be approached, if at all, through philosophy rather than science. The second day's work, the creation of the stellar galaxy, followed the general laws governing rotating bodies of gas, and comes entirely within the reasoning ability of man. The creation of the earth was just as natural, but it required a strange accident to bring it about.

The first scientific explanation was the classic nebular hypothesis of Laplace, who assumed that the cooling sun shed its planets exactly as we have seen happen when nebulae break up into stars. But the refinements of modern mathematics have shown that the sun could never have acquired its attendant satellites in such a way. The stresses and forces would have been wrong. The mere rotation of the sun was sterile, and the sun gave birth only with the assistance of a passing star. Now it can be shown that the distances

separating one star from another are so great that the accident of one passing another close enough to produce a planetary system is very rare indeed. If the earth owes its existence to this cause, then there must be very few bodies like the earth from one end of space to the other, and it is unlikely that any other earth has been created since our own.

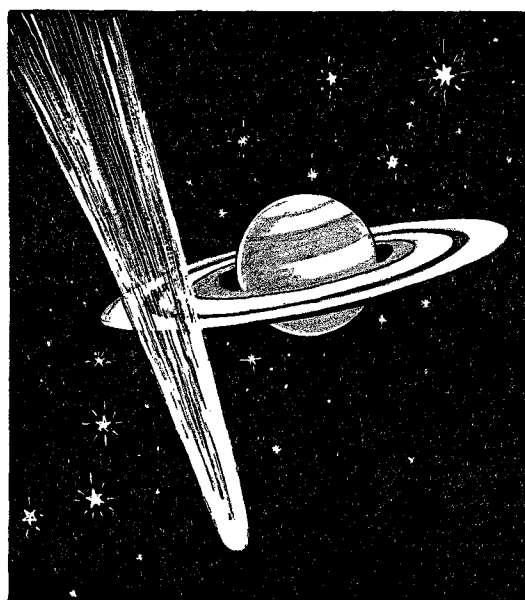
The third act of creation was the accidental approach of a wandering star which set up such a tidal wave upon our sun as to turn it into an unstable cigar-shaped object, which broke up finally into separate pieces. Out of these the various planets were formed. It is the task of the geologist to estimate the time that has elapsed since this third day of creation, and of recent years he has used the amount of radium and radium-lead in the rocks as a clock to gauge the interval. The time required by radium to break up into other elements is known exactly; the radium debris can be identified; and calculation can produce a definite answer in millions of years.

Now it is to be admitted that there appears to be an incredible mystery at present in the matter of these first three "days" of creation, a mystery that leads the layman to feel a little

skeptical about the pretensions of mathematicians and scientists. If we compare the calculations of the time since the universe first exploded and of the time since the earth first had a solid crust and started its existence as a non-gaseous body, it seems that the earth must be older than the universe as a whole. For the geologist demands a longer period for the evolution of the rocks than the physicist says has elapsed since the initial explosion of the universe.

The simplest explanation of this is that the speeds with which the nebulae seem to be rushing away are imaginary; in other words that the shift of the lines on their spectra towards the red end is not merely an effect of motion but perhaps of distance as well. As we have seen, the farther away a nebula is, the more pronounced is the shift, so that there may be something about mere distance that produces at least some of the effect. But mathematicians are loath at present to give up their picture of an expanding universe and would prefer that the geologists would fall into line with them. We shall not have to wait many more years, however, at the present rate of advance, for fresh light on this dilemma.

Next Month: "The Electric Brain"
by John Langdon-Davies



STRAYHORN

A Sketch

BY FELIX NOLAND



TUESDAY MORNING she got the clothes, and Saturday she brought them back. Her return was heralded by a slow, shuffling sound on the back steps. She came rounding through the kitchen door with a battered, oblong basket on her flat head. She was usually followed by her silent daughter Analyne.

In my mother's room, the basket was swung from her head and set on the floor with the shrill squeak of straining willow. "Oh," mother said, as though her return was forever a surprise, "it's the clothes. Get some newspaper, Sarah."

While the newspapers were being spread (it was best to be careful about what *might* have been brought with the clothes), mother stood by with her list in hand and began to count. Usually the clothes were still damp and smelled of charcoal smoke. Handkerchiefs came first, because they were on top.

"One, two — eight — seventeen — twenty-three — there are two handkerchiefs missing, Strayhorn."

"Das all de hankchers I seen." Her tone of voice left no room for argument. "I tuk extry good care dis week."

My mother frowned and lifted two pillow-slips in her long, pale hands. "These are not mine!"

"Analyne, go git dat baskit off'n de back porch," Strayhorn said briefly and without raising her body from the stooping position over the basket. She was a dumpy, brown woman, almost as wide as she was tall, with heavy swinging breasts and a large and shapeless abdomen. Her face was broad and flat, as though something crushing had been rolled across it, mashing her nostrils until they spread out almost as wide as her big grayish-blue mouth. She had a continual and somehow contemptuous sniff. There was something awesome about Strayhorn, a largeness as impressive as her great squat thighs. Beside her primitive vigor, my mother, standing there with her clothes list held delicately in her blue-veined hand, was as frail and pallid as a ghost.

The other basket was brought in while mother counted and inspected. "Oh, look at that!" she cried from time to time. "One of Mr. Fewell's shirts is torn under the arm!"

Strayhorn faced her calmly. "Dat shirt were tore when I tuk it out. Wa'n't it, Analyne?"

The girl nodded without speaking.

"What about the pillow slips?" Mother said, flushing.

"Look in dis baskit, ma'am. Ef dey ain't in Miz Jones baskit, I dunno wha' dey is. Das all de clothes I has."

Sometimes we had Mrs. Jones' pillow slips, and she had ours. But usually one of us was loser by at least two articles. There was invariably a spirited argument which left my mother, with her incomplete list, guiltier than Strayhorn was ever proven to be. For every now and then, as if with deliberate intent to embarrass her, Strayhorn would return one or two more than mother had counted of something.

She said meekly, then: "Here's your money, Strayhorn. And please look for those two handkerchiefs. I know I counted twenty-five."

That was in the days when birthday parties meant sheer dresses worn over pale satin slips. They were works of art, requiring the skillful twists of a fluting iron, for their rows of hand-embroidered ruffles. My sister and I had only one, so an invitation on short notice usually meant a trip to Strayhorn's house. We would almost have forsworn the party to avoid her wrath. How she hated to "do up" those fancy dresses!

It was only seven blocks to the colored section where Strayhorn lived, and yet, once you had crossed the wooden bridge over Souwashee Creek and slid down the red-clay hill on the other side, you were in a strange world. The stagnant creek slid through that hollow like a writhing, brown snake, and along its fetid banks squat, dark houses were crouched like prodigious spiders seeming to grow out of the mucky soil and spin a web of filth over the whole. Little dirty-nosed black children played in the gutters; a negro man in an undershirt and ragged trousers pushed a heavy-loined woman against a wall with a gesture of savage lust; muddy hounds slunk at our heels with piddling whines. Rising above this sordid background like a triumph, there was a chorus of happy laughter and light-hearted song — and the sunlight hung heavy there, as rich as fluid gold, and flowers grew abundantly in the small squares before each house. The door to Strayhorn's house was closed, and Analyne came to let us in.

"Is Strayhorn at home?" we breathed.

Analyne, without a word, led us through the cabin to the back yard. Strayhorn was there, standing over her ironing board, which was stretched across the backs of two kitchen chairs. Chinaberry trees were poised, like pale lavender umbrellas, over her fuzzy head. And she was singing! Strayhorn's voice was full and rich, and its carrying powers, when she threw back her head, were tremendous! We fairly shrank against each other while she shouted:

Sometime I feels like a motherless chile,
A long ways fum home.
Sometime I feels like I'se almos' gone —

She came to an abrupt halt, just as though she hadn't seen us before. "What you chillun wants?"

I was the elder, and therefore spokeswoman.

"Strayhorn, mother wants our dresses — our party dresses — this afternoon, please."

"Dem dresses ain't washed yet."

"But we're invited to a party —"

She set the iron on the pine needles with a bang. "You chillun come heah worryin' me! Tell yo' ma I says no! I cain do up dem dresses in no one day."

"But mother says —"

"I cain hep whut she say! I ain't got no coal ter heat my irons."

We turned to go. "Then we can't go to the party, Nancy," I said, not entirely unconscious of this dramatic touch. "We'll just have to stay at home from the party."

"Nawsuh — not dem dresses. I ain't got neither de time ner de coal. . . ."

In the act of ascending the back steps, our sharp eyes caught a glimpse of a huge negro man coming through the tiny kitchen, and wearing our father's best white-silk shirt! Nancy was young, but astute. "Look," she cried shrilly, "the man has a shirt just like Daddy's!"

A dead silence followed our progress to the street. We retraced our steps home, feeling strangely depressed. If Strayhorn was really angry with us for noticing the shirt —! Colored people hated a tattle-tale, and they could make you awfully sorry in little ways. We decided it would be better not to mention what we had seen — instead, we told mother we couldn't have the dresses because Strayhorn was out of coal. And mother got out our Sunday dresses and began going over the buttons.

Sunday dresses were white, too, but very plain. We were, however, not without hope.

And sure enough, promptly at two o'clock Analyne knocked at the back door. She bore the two dresses, pinned fluffily in a sheet of newspaper, and clutched in one hand, like Aaron's rod, was a tall stalk of sugar cane. "Ma sent yo' dresses," she said with a little cough, "an' heah some cane fer you."

We accepted the cane gravely. "Thank you, Analyne."

"De charcoal man brung it," she said without blinking.

"Oh."

She started down the steps. "In de bundle is de two hankchers," she called back. "Us foun' 'em way up in de china tree!"

OUT OF THE WOODS

A Program of Industrial Reforestation

BY WILSON COMPTON



Lithographs by Birger Sandzén

Pine and Aspen

AFTER ONE HUNDRED years of debate about reforestation we begin at last to have visible prospect of accomplishing it. No doubt the long debate prepared the ground and cleared the way, but curiously enough the actual beginning is the immediate result of the bank panic. It might be said that when President Roosevelt closed the banks he started trees growing. If it had not been for the bank panic and the reconstruction measures that followed it in the war against depression, the debate might have continued for another hundred years, with a great outflow of old talk and little inflow of new forests.

It has taken a long, long time to get rid of the old American notion that the forests are a nuisance — and an inexhaustible nuisance at that. To the settlers of America, until the

waves of migration reached the Mississippi, the forests were a very real enemy. Dr. Schoepf, a learned German who came to America with the Hessian mercenaries during the Revolution, had studied forestry in Europe, and during a tour of America after the war was naturally interested in forests. "Because at the beginning," he wrote in his *Travels in the Confederation*, "in the nearer, and latterly in the farther regions of America, wood has been everywhere in the way of the new planter, people have grown accustomed to regard forests anywhere as the most troublesome of growths; for if crops were to be seeded it was a necessity to cut down the trees and grub the roots — a great labor, and if the forests could only be blown away, then certainly few trees would be there to give them trouble. A young American going to Europe happened to land on the west coast of Ireland, where in certain parts not a bush is to be seen for many miles. He exclaimed in astonishment, 'What a wonderful country! What a lucky people, with no woods to plague them.'"

"It's all bosh — this talk about the destruction of our forests," wrote the late Henry Gannett, geographer of Theodore Roosevelt's Conservation Commission, more than one hundred years later. "There is more wood growing in the United States now than there was one hundred years ago, more than we want and can use. . . . Don't you know that all the abandoned farms in New England grow up in wood? Don't you know that in the South more than half the land is covered with forests? And along the Pacific Coast the timber is simply inexhaustible."

Almost all of the tilled and pasture land east of the Mississippi was gained for agriculture by the tedious and laborious clearing of the forests. Trees were the worst enemies of settlement — worse than the savages, predatory

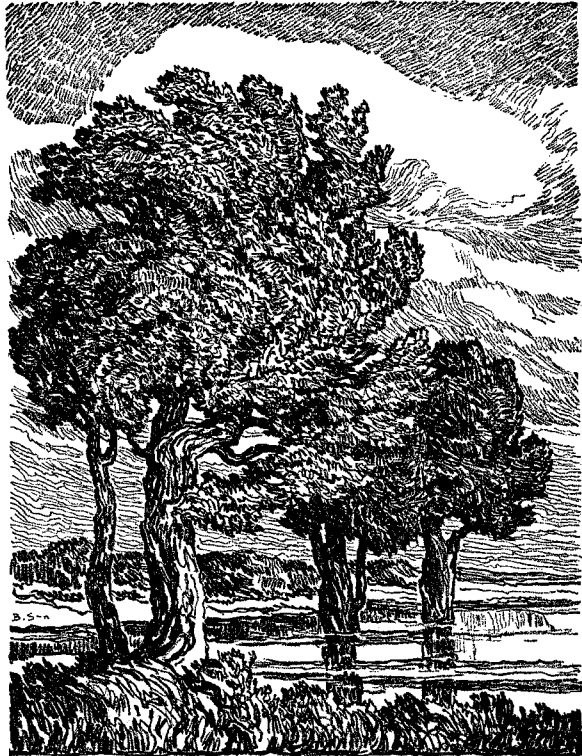
beasts, malaria, harsh weather, and "hell and high water." Prior to 1840 far more timber was felled merely to get rid of it than to provide lumber and other forest material for building and industry. Fire and axe were wielded without mercy. A blanket of smoke and flame endlessly covered the frontier, and the black desolation of fire-swept land was the grateful symbol of the victory of civilization over the wilderness. What was saved from the flames went into the shelter and industrial equipment of the new inhabitants. The lumberman then, as well as thereafter, came to regard himself as merely the advance guard of agricultural settlement. He was simply doing the preliminary sapping and mining work for the colonization that would follow.

Later, as the human deluge emerged from the forests and debouched into the prairies and plains, the swift razing of the forests by the lumberman facilitated the fabulously rapid housing of the multitude. The trees of the forest states were taken down, it might be said, to be put up in the treeless regions. It was sad to see the forests disappear, but their loss was not without compensating gain. The riches of the woods vivified the economic life of the forest states and laid the foundation of that of the plains. From the waning forests came forth the steamboats; the railways; the bridges; the roads; the telegraph lines; the housing of commercial enterprise; and the harvesters, threshers, and most of the rest of the implemental equipment of the new communities. Devastation the slaughter of the forests might be, but it was also construction and enrichment. And yet the vast extent of the forests gave rise to a feeling that they were inexhaustible, that no matter how much timber was cut new growth would continue to replace it.

This conviction was emphasized by the fate which invariably overtook the prophets of deforestation, who were occasionally inspired to dire prophecies of local timber exhaustion as early as the middle of the eighteenth century. Even the later seers seem to be refuted by the facts. Back in the seventies Carl Schurz, then Secretary of the Interior, predicted the virtual exhaustion of the forests of America by 1900. The year of doom came, and for all economic purposes the forests seemed to be as extensive as ever.

II

WE KNOW NOW, both lumberman and forestry enthusiast, that the forests *are* exhaustible, but even now the former is not entirely convinced that they *will be* exhausted. As a mathematical proposition, one can say that we have standing a trillion and a half feet of timber ripe for the saw, and that, as we have



Pond with Cottonwood Trees

been consuming it at the rate of, say, forty billion feet a year, it will be gone in thirty or forty years. But no one can say that the rate of consumption will continue at the rate of the last decade, and we know that during the depression the rate has fallen to less than ten billion feet a year — less, perhaps, than the annual growth. This is certain: that the virgin forest area grows less and less, so that to-day there remains intact only one eighth of the original forest area of America, and that eighth farther and farther away from the chief centers of consumption of wood and its products. It is true that second growth has spontaneously come in over such wide areas of cut-over and abandoned farmland that one third of our lumber now comes from regrown forests. But the forests of the North and Northeast and of parts of the South are now so depleted through

continuous utilization without managed or protected reproduction that those regions suffer from lack of local forest materials, even though they abound in forest land whose area annually increases through the abandonment of marginal farms.

Seeing these things, forestry enthusiasts, unencumbered by the ownership of trees, have called the lumbermen — weighed down with an excess of trees — ruthless devastators; vandals; reckless destroyers of a priceless source of national wealth and well-being. Oppressed by confiscatory taxation which hurried trees, mature and immature, to the saw, to escape depletion of capital; harried by the pressure of competitive material; forbidden by the Department of Justice (anti-trust laws covering prices and control agreements) to do what the Forest Service flogged him for not doing, the lumberman has striven as best he could to make both ends meet and to provide work for a million men and profits for himself.

The very abundance of our forests has been their destruction. No man in his senses would grow trees at some expense when nature provided them without charge. No forest industry, however farsighted, could be expected to grow its trees when it could buy them already grown and cheaper than they could be raised. That is the inevitable economic reason why the lumber, paper, and other woods industries have pursued what professional foresters call forest devastation and destructive exploitation. Taxation (which often more than absorbed the annual growth of trees); forest fires; the depredations of disease, insects, and rot further discouraged any farsighted forest owner. The quickest and surest way to liquidate wealth in forest properties was to convert the standing timber into merchantable products and forget the future. For all practical purposes the forest was necessarily a mine rather than a crop. Disregarding the controlling economic factors, the public has more and more demanded of the lumberman what he considered an economic impossibility. He might make some money converting virgin forests into lumber and other useful products, but he was convinced that he could only lose money growing new forests, so far as aged trees were concerned — trees which make the highest quality of lumber and require anywhere from thirty to one hundred fifty

years of growth.

This opinion of industry has come to be more and more accepted by professional foresters, and we find now in the *National Plan for American Forestry*, recently published by the United States Forest Service in response to a Senate resolution introduced by Royal S. Copeland, that the official view is that the federal government should add one hundred thirty-four million acres of land to the national forests, and the states eighty-nine millions to their own and local public forests. This report, while concluding that eventually much commercial forest land will be transferred out of private and into public ownership, finds there will still remain the problem of what to do with two hundred thirty-four million acres of commercial forest lands and twenty-three million acres of agricultural lands abandoned by private owners. These private owners include several millions of farmers, tens of thousands of speculative owners, and many thousands of manufacturing owners. How to get them to adopt a constructive policy of forest management has seemed a problem impossible of solution.

III

BUT NOW PRESIDENT Roosevelt and Congress have paved the way to its solution with the National Industrial Recovery Act. Seeing the opportunities for a revolution in American commercial forest operations contained in the declared purpose of the Act — to conserve natural resources — the forest industries at once took steps to make the New Deal a new deal for the forests. The first draft of the Lumber Industry Code under the NRA contained a potent reforestation paragraph, and it stands in the Code as approved by the President on August 19, in substantially the original form. Under the heading "Conservation and Sustained Production of Forest Resources," the forest industries "undertake to carry out such practicable measures as may be necessary for the declared purpose of this Code in respect of conservation and sustained production of forest resources." The Code goes on to provide for the calling of a conference of official and private forestry agencies and associations with the forest industries to define these practicable measures and to make recom-

mendations to the Secretary of Agriculture and the President of such public measures as may be necessary to make reforestation feasible.

The first session of this peace conference between ancient enemies — “forest devastators” and idolizers, men who live on trees and men who live for trees — was held in the latter part of October, and it was then my privilege to pledge the forest industries to such cutting practices as will realize the conservation purpose. The surprisingly reconcilable recommendations of the first session, both for a code of sustained production operation of forest properties and for such public legislative and administrative action as is necessary to make forest conservation economically practicable, have since been carefully studied by joint committees of lumbermen and public foresters and forestry enthusiasts. A definite program was adopted at the final meeting of the conference in December. The code of forest practice now becomes an essential part of the Lumber Industry Code, and the forest industries of America enter upon the great adventure of forest-growing to complement utilization. They will hereafter undertake to produce trees instead of merely felling them. Now, we hope, begins the era of permanent instead of migratory forest industries.

Statutory law cannot long run counter to economic fact, and it is useless to legislate the impossible. To require the forest industries to renew their forests at a loss would be as futile as King Canute's order to the tides. Hence, written into the Code by the National Recovery Administration, is the remarkable provision that the costs of conservation and forest perpetuation methods shall be included in the costs of lumber production. In other words, the law seeks to make tree-growing investments self-liquidating. This is a great concession to the lumbermen and seems at first to meet their contention that under free competition conservation does not pay; but there remains the question of whether, if the costs of reforestation are included in the price of lumber, forest products can hold their own against substitutes. The right to demand for forest products a price which will cover the cost of reforesta-

tion does not imply the power to compel the public to buy lumber instead of, say, steel or brick.

However, law is law; and the forest industries will now undertake the great experiment of industrial reforestation. If the experiment shall succeed, as lumbermen cordially hope, the result will be of great economic importance. It bears on the usefulness of one quarter of the entire land area of the nation, which for generations to come will produce nothing of economic importance, outside of wood. The forest area of the United States is approximately five million acres, which is about twenty per cent more than all the plow land of all our six million farms, or four times the area of France. Directly and indirectly this forest land to-day supports more people than any other industrial group excepting agriculture. The payrolls of the forest industries normally include more than a million men. Sustained yield management of the forests — felling selected trees but leaving the forest as a producing organism — means that this great economic entity can be maintained until the end of time, if the market for its products permits. It is our one great natural resource which is not only inherently perpetual but also increasable with consumption. Nor have we delayed too long. Some regional shortage of forest supplies is now in evidence, but no timber famine; and the present growing stock of the forest area as a whole is capable, if properly conserved and managed, of meeting future demands at greater than the present rate of utilization. The present stand of mature timber is amply sufficient to take care of current needs for a generation to come.

While forests have, outside of the production of industrial material, many economic and social benefits — water, weather, wild life, recreation, aesthetic delight — their conservation in private ownership depends almost entirely on prosaic commerce. To use them in installments is to keep them *in toto*; to exist they must pay their way. The woodman who spares all his trees loses his stake. The National Industrial Recovery Act gives hope that the long-depressed forest industries may recover, and, in doing so, recover their forests.

Next Month: “What Price Farm Leadership?”
by Russell Holt Peters

STERILIZATION OF THE UNFIT

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

UNDER THE OLD theory of criminal law, each offense against society was punished by a definite period of penal confinement, without regard to the curative power of the sentence in specific cases, or the social value of the erstwhile prisoner when restored to liberty. The law was primarily concerned with punishing the offense, and seldom made allowance for the identity of the offender.

A notable departure from this ancient system has been made, in the last two decades, by the use of the indeterminate sentence, which leaves the actual period of imprisonment to a board of pardons and paroles. In this way, it was thought that the length of confinement could be varied with each individual, and made to depend upon his readiness to assume a law-abiding place in society. Of course, the convict must be eventually released, at the expiration of the maximum period prescribed for his crime, although the effect of his punishment may have been far from corrective. The parole system falls particularly short of its purpose in cases involving mental defectives and incurable abnormals, whose rehabilitation cannot reasonably depend upon the length of their imprisonment. Thousands of such unfortunates are annually restored to liberty by the prison authorities of the various states, although their recidivism is usually almost a certainty.

The problem as stated ought to be sufficient to point out the inadequacy of a purely punitive system of penology. But the consequences are even more serious. For it is well known that such persons are free to marry and reproduce their kind, to the end that, with the aid of their more normal brethren, the replenishing of the planet shall go on indefinitely.

Another crop of socially unfit is periodically yielded by the release of "cured" charges from the hospitals for the insane, the homes for the feeble-minded, and similar institutions, al-

though the great majority of them, if not always dangerous, are of hopeless social value. No less than the criminally abnormal, however, they have the privilege of increasing and multiplying.

As an obvious remedy for these conditions, many state legislatures have sought to make provision for the eugenic sterilization of defective offenders and other wards of the state, upon their discharge from the various public institutions. The prescribed operation is comparatively simple and seldom dangerous. In males, it is known as vasectomy, and consists of a simple incision at the groin whereby the seminal cord is blocked, so that the sperm cells cannot be released by copulation. In the female, its technical name is salpingotomy, that is to say, the excision or removal of the Fallopian tubes to prevent the release of the ovum. Hence, no mutilation of any sort is involved in either case; and aside from bringing about impossibility of procreation, it carries no other consequences. There is no diminution of sexual ability, nor loss of pleasure in copulation. If performed upon an adult it does not affect the secondary sexual characteristics, such as the voice, the distribution of hair, or other specific attributes of the patient's sex.

Far from being a recent experiment, the operation has been employed in special cases for more than thirty-five years, in the private practice of every general surgeon. The severance of the Fallopian tubes has been resorted to in cases where child-bearing was, for any reason, dangerous to the mother. Their complete removal has been indicated as the only remedy in cases of fibroid tumors or widespread gonorrheal infection. In the absence of special state laws, however, the legal position of the surgeon has been precarious, in cases that did not involve specific local disease. And when syphilitic or epileptic patients have requested the

operation, many physicians have been compelled to refuse, as well as in cases of congenital idiots and other feeble-minded defectives whose guardians were willing to consent. But it is interesting to note that in recent years the treatment has been widely resorted to in the Hawaiian plantations, for purely Malthusian reasons, by workers of both sexes, in order to escape the economic burdens of large families.

II

ALTHOUGH sterilization laws have been enacted in as many as twenty-seven states, no extensive enforcement of their provisions has been made in any more than two or three jurisdictions. Perhaps one of the reasons for this is the prevailing popular notion that the treatment involves mutilation. A great deal of religious opposition has also been met with on the strength of the old theological dogma that social interference with the process of procreation is disobedience to divine command, and that the reproduction of defectives is a process no less sacred than the preservation of normal strains. The opponents of the new legislation seem to forget that the confinement of criminals and the unfit, in state institutions that are far from co-educational, is itself a partial negation of an absolute right of each individual to reproduce his kind.

Most of these statutes, however, are legally unenforceable, because of the erroneous theory upon which they have been enacted. In so far as they authorize sterilization with the consent of the patient, they do not violate any constitutional provisions. And, indeed, there can be no rational objection to a voluntary submission to the treatment by an epileptic or an idiot who prefers to end his days without issue. But in providing also for compulsory operations, most laws are so worded that they defeat their own purpose. For instead of emphasizing social expediency or humanitarian and prophylactic considerations, they attempt to impose surgery as a supplementary vengeance of the law upon the unfortunate defective. Consequently, their enforcement cannot be easily sustained by the courts; and on several occasions they have been properly declared unconstitutional, as violations of the provision against cruel and unusual punishments.

The Oregon law, for instance, defines the various crimes for which the operation may be ordered, and seems to assume that hereditary mental alienation or deficiency has a selective affinity for certain offenses. A similar enactment in Nevada provides for sterilization, at the discretion of the Court, in certain cases of rape and for persons who are adjudged habitual criminals. The Oklahoma law, passed as recently as 1931, presumes, with ultra-scientific boldness, that third-term criminals, regardless of the offense, are afflicted with inheritable defects of behavior.

It is evident that the motive of such legislation is no less punitive than the medieval laws prescribing castration or other forms of mutilation. Indiscriminate sterilization, without careful inquiry into the specific social question of transmissible defects, is no more logical than the plan of a school teacher of my acquaintance who applied the rod to every palm in his class, in the certainty that the unknown boy who had stolen a gross of pencils from his desk would not escape without a punitive whack.

In other states, the new statutes ignore the right of the patient to "due process of law," by prescribing a summary procedure that deprives him of his day in court. It goes without saying that the final decision, in all cases where the treatment is resisted by the subject, should be based upon the testimony of competent physicians, and ordered by a judge after a regular trial.

There is no doubt that the operation, as a measure of public welfare, and based on the police power of the state, does not contravene any provision of the Constitution. Such a law, in fact, was positively affirmed by the United States Supreme Court (1927) in *Buck v. Bell*. An order of sterilization was being opposed in behalf of Carrie Buck, aged eighteen, an inmate of the Virginia State Colony for Epileptics and Feeble-minded. That the patient suffered from an hereditary form of mental deficiency was beyond question. Her mother was similarly afflicted, and her illegitimate child was likewise abnormal. Mr. Justice Holmes, writing the opinion of the Court, very aptly remarked:

The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting of the Fallopian tubes. Three generations of imbeciles is enough.

III

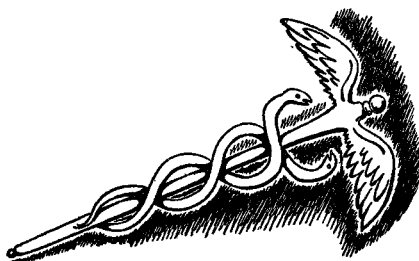
ONE OF THE FEW states where a significant test of sterilization has been made is California. This has been due largely to the efforts of Gosney, Popenoe, and their associates in compiling scientific and statistical data and in pointing out the constitutional limits of such legislation. They report that up to the year 1929, more than 6,000 official operations had been performed in the various institutions of that state. Although sterilizations may be compulsory, as well as voluntary, under the California law, the consent of the patient or his guardian was freely given in almost every instance. In the case of congenital defectives, usually called the "feeble-minded," the treatment was employed as a preliminary of every parole. But for patients discharged from insane asylums, it was used in only one case out of twelve, simply because the majority of mental disorders are not definitely known to be hereditary.

That the operation has been generally beneficial is the almost unanimous conclusion of the officials, physicians, and social workers. In a recent inquiry among sterilized patients now on parole, it appeared that six out of every seven were satisfied with the results; and that the negative answers were usually given by pronounced defectives who considered themselves normal. In other studies it was found that the treatment produces no effect on the sexual life of the patient. Of 101 sterilized males, only seven reported, five years after, any decrease of sexual activity. Only three out of 177 sterilized women affirmed any lessening of sexual feeling. In the majority of cases, there was very positive evidence of satisfactory social adjustment. Two-thirds of them were economically self-sustaining. Many of the sterilized girls had married, and since they had escaped the burden of defective offspring, their marriages were reasonably successful.

It is not to be argued, of course, that sterilization is a general panacea against insanity or criminality. It is well known that only a small fraction of all mental defectives at large are ever admitted to state institutions, and that the application of the law must necessarily be limited to institutional cases. Medical knowledge concerning heredity is still too scant to enable the officials to single out, even among the confined individuals, every true symptom of transmissible abnormality.

It is also to be admitted that crime is too intricate a social problem to be eradicated by a clever stroke of the surgical knife. Indeed, it is well known that many malefactors are persons of superior mentality. It is also true that certain offenses are not easily traceable to hereditary unfitness, but must be ascribed largely to telluric factors; while social and environmental circumstances must be held responsible for a great percentage of criminality.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that inheritable defects or debilities account for a considerable portion of both crime and insanity. And it appears to be socially absurd to continue to release cases of highly probable transmissibility, without surgical prevention of their further propagation. Unless it is argued that segregation should be for life, it is not reasonable for the legal machinery to confess itself powerless until the tainted offspring performs an overt act against the social order, or otherwise proves the necessity of confinement. The average cost of institutional care for each criminal or defective is something like \$700 a year. If the operation removes an important objection to the release of relatively harmless patients, it would be justified as a measure of economy. Even from the point of view of the paroled delinquent, it should appear to be a false form of mercy to grant him a right of procreation that will make his daily life more burdensome, and social adjustment more difficult.



RADIO REVIEWS

Old and New Bottles

BY CYRUS FISHER

THE ADOLESCENT dogma that the newest jackanape is more to be cherished than last season's has blighted more going radio productions than all the critics laid end to end from Seattle to WNYC, New York. This belief that the radio audience constantly yearns for novelty has spread with the rapidity of stinkweed throughout all those somber minds who dominate the selection and make-up of radio's delights. As a matter of fact, the notion that a broadcasting vehicle, or artists consistently appearing on said vehicle, grow stale in direct ratio to the number of weeks on the air has just about as sound a critical flooring as that other article of adolescent faith holding as gospel truth that all bullfrogs make the longest jump on the first try.

MATURED CASKS

Amos 'n' Andy, featuring Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden. Bill Hay, announcer. Sponsored by Pepsodent Company. 2 minutes plus of advertising time. NBC. National. 7:00-7:15 P.M. EST. Daily except Sunday. (First review May, 1932, FORUM.)

Two years ago at the full froth of the "Amos 'n' Andy" craze, this department of public instruction pointed out the obvious: Messrs. Correll and Gosden were hampering the development of their radio strip by obstinately persisting in doubling for all the voices. Since then the two gentlemen in black-face vaudeville voices have dropped from first to ninth or tenth place in national popularity.

After six years they have insensibly felt their way into uncomplicated comic rhythm, unapproached in adroitness, I believe, by any other black-face team, except perhaps McIntyre and Heath before they turned weary of one another. If the boys can only find the courage to put aside all vocal false whiskers, beget plot-forms lively enough for an enlarged cast, I fear that "Amos 'n' Andy" will be re-

discovered with resounding tub-thumpings and elevated as one of the imperishable glories of radio beyond transient fluctuations of popular fancy.

Myrt and Marge, featuring Myrtle Vail and Donna Damerel. Tom Shirley, announcer. Sponsored by William Wrigley, Jr., Company. Less than 1 minute, 30 seconds of advertising time. CBS. National. 7:00-7:15 P.M. EST. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (First review May, 1932, FORUM.)

Starting out over two years ago as a fast, glittering, superficial melodrama of the chorus girls' end of the show business, "Myrt and Marge" has veered toward more blood and thunder and less amusing tinsel. Miss Vail — motivating power house for "Myrt and Marge" — has amply demonstrated that she is acquainted with all the sure-fire lures ever used in the theater to attract paying customers.

At present the locale is in South America. Here Miss Vail is busily redecorating her successful formula of two girls — one beautiful and helpless, the other not so helpless but who also has her feminine moments — constantly pestered by worse than death and lack of money. The strenuous adventures are made credible by a slick and varied cast. Until Miss Vail misplaces her atlas, or radio audiences grow up, there's no apparent reason why "Myrt and Marge" should not continue to run on like the brook.

The Voice of Firestone, featuring Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks, alternating, with William Daly's orchestra. Harvey Firestone, Jr., narrating bedtime monologue, "The Story of Transportation." Alois Havrilla, announcer. Sponsored by Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. For advertising time please see below. NBC. National. 8:30-9:00 P.M. EST. Every Monday. (First review June, 1932, FORUM.)

This is the fifth season for "The Voice of Firestone." It is just as intelligently presented, from a musical standpoint, as it was in 1929. Both Mr. Tibbett and Mr. Crooks are daring,

or being permitted, to balance the usual one or two home-and-country-garden numbers with more genuinely superb selections. The advertising proper is short, not at all out of place. But Mr. Firestone's four-minute chapters on transportation are a glossary of all the trite saws collected since man first appreciated that walking was a vastly overrated method of getting anywhere.

The Chevrolet Program, featuring Jack Benny, with Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker, and Frank Black's orchestra. Alois Havrilla, announcer. Sponsored by Chevrolet Motor Company. For advertising time please see below. NBC. National. 10:00-10:30 P.M. EST. Every Sunday. (First review June, 1933, FORUM.)

The Chevrolet half hour originally operated on the promise that Mr. Benny and his wife, Miss Livingstone, would supply comedy elements in a refined Burns-and-Allen manner, with Mr. Black circumnavigating his own sphere as director of a theater orchestra alternating between black-out numbers and dance rhythms, plus a personable masculine voice to scatter a few lyrics. All of these good intentions are by this time, no doubt, laid down as paving stones.

Within the course of a year, the scandalously amiable Mr. Benny has formed a sprightly charivari from members of a sedate orchestra and constructed a sly and assured comedy juvenile out of the strangest of all materials, a tenor. There's an effervescent gusto to the entire show which soars, undisturbed, above the same pun on three successive week-ends. Mr. Havrilla, heckled by Mr. Benny and pausing to give quite as good as he receives, is as amusing as anything fore and aft of the commercials. If this venerable year-old continues to age properly, in a couple of years I couldn't be persuaded to exchange it for any other bottled champagne in sight.

White Owl Program, featuring George Burns and Gracie Allen, with Guy Lombardo's orchestra. William Brenton, announcer. Sponsored by makers of White Owl. 2 minutes plus of advertising time. CBS. National. 9:30-10:00 P.M. EST. Every Wednesday. (First review March, 1933, FORUM.)

There have been many wise-crack patter teams where the male heaves the joke and the nub explodes around the woman. Few of these teams last. Even in this demoralized age, there's

something repugnant in the spectacle of a man humiliating a woman, whether it's a mixed boxing match or a comedy duo. Burns and Allen for two years have employed the pattern of the smooth lad and the dumb dora. However, they cut their pattern with this grave difference: Mr. Burns, if you'll notice, may be outraged by the strange vagaries of his partner, Miss Allen, but his weary tolerance passes close to courtesy. No acrid taste remains to tarnish their mishaps. Because of this, with the continued assistance of the deftest gag men now operating, plus the judicious admixture of not too much plot, Mr. Burns and his wife should continue to unravel their Alice-in-Wonderland dialogues for a long period after your own conjugal errors of omission and commission have found their way home.

First Nighter, featuring June Meredith and Don Ameche, with Cliff Soubier and Charles Hughes. Gene Rouse, announcer. Sponsored by Campana Corporation. For advertising time please see below. NBC. National. 10:00-10:30 P.M. EST. Every Friday. (First review June, 1932, FORUM.)

For over one hundred and sixty weeks the "First Nighter" has played a vital function in the progress of radio drama. These broadcasts offer one of the rare, intelligently supervised, comparatively well-paying markets for radio writers with talent and without name. The cast is eminently gracious. The leads, Miss Meredith and Mr. Ameche, gain in assurance and flexibility. Mr. Hughes, who originated the "First Nighter" and is responsible for creating the illusion of a "Little Theater off Times Square" where the plays are presented, has supplied variety and freshness to a part which could easily grow monotonous. With these notable merits, this half hour is being rotted away by the commercials. At present the three-act drama receives eighteen minutes of the thirty minutes; the announcements are so far over the national half-hour average of two minutes, thirty-nine seconds that you wonder if it is wise to tune in and encourage such uncharitable bullying of grand material.

NEWER VINTAGES

Fray and Braggiotti, two-piano team. Varying announcer and time. Sustaining program. CBS. National.

Messrs. Fray and Braggiotti can range from

Three Little Pigs to Debussy without lifting a hair. They are perfectly synchronized, more like one man with four hands, infinitely easy to listen to, with a pleasant concert-hall manner which hoists them several yards above any other piano team on the dial.

Columbia Mystery Guild, with varying cast. Produced by Marion Parsonnet. Charles Spear, continuity. Sustaining program. CBS. National. 9:30-10:00 P.M. EST. Every Thursday.

More death than deduction, with hard-boiled lines by Mr. Spear, an unimpressive cast, and Mr. Parsonnet's usual glistening production, which almost persuades you that you have listened to an average half hour if you like your murders by radio.

"*Dangerous Paradise*," featuring Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. Alois Havrilla, announcer. Bixbie, continuity. Sponsored by John H. Woodbury, Inc. 2 minutes', several seconds' advertising time. NBC. Regional. 8:30-8:45 P.M. EST. Every Wednesday and Friday.

Mr. Bixbie has read all of the pulp-paper novels to advantage. He has concocted an involved thriller, containing a Royal Mounted hero, smugglers, lonesome Pacific Islands, a newspaper-reporter heroine, and airplanes, and I'm expecting cannibals at any moment now. Miss Hitz has a ravishing voice, so I keep on listening.

Camel Caravan, featuring Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra, Irene Taylor, "Pee Wee" Hunt, Kenneth Sargent, and the Do Re Mi Girls. Sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. Under 3 minutes' advertising time. CBS. National. 10:00-10:30 P.M. EST. Every Tuesday and Thursday.

Mr. Gray has a first-class honky-tonk orchestra. A honky-tonk orchestra is, above all else, a dance band dependent upon no trick or novelty effects such as you will find in a theater orchestra, even as melodiously perfect as Fred Waring's or Abe Lyman's. All the way up from a fiendishly capable baritone saxophone, the Casa Loma orchestra is what is known in the trade as "thick." That is, there's no gap, no weakness.

To a man, the outfit is expert through the entire instrumental range, backing up the soloists with a flare of tonal northern lights which in no wise ever blur or obscure the precise rhythm. And the soloists, too, have adopted something of the honky-tonk style of singing

without the excruciating harshness. They push the lyric meter, even the word accent, into the beat and measure of the tune. The result is, of course, that you'll want to have the rug well out of the way and a partner who steps like an angel.

SIGNING OFF

DR. HETTINGER in his readable, well-documented *A Decade of Radio Advertising* should end the contention concerning the length of commercial announcements by establishing the following national averages, which appear fair and just both for listener and advertiser: Daytime quarter-hour programs, 2 minutes, 20 seconds of advertising; half-hour programs, 2 minutes, 28 seconds; nighttime quarter-hour programs, 1 minute, 50 seconds; half-hour programs, 2 minutes, 39 seconds; hour programs, 2 minutes, 41 seconds. ¶ During winter months, reception should be clear enough for all owners of modern sets west of the Alleghenies to pull in the book reviews of Joseph H. Jackson (KGO. 9:15 P.M. PST. Sundays), one book reviewer who talks like a blue streak, cramming an hour's worth of diverting information in fifteen minutes, without being deadly. ¶ Recommended for children: the brilliantly executed Columbia Concerts for Children and the CBS American School of the Air, which manages to be interesting with accurate factual content. ¶ "The Wisconsin College of the Air," broadcast by state-owned stations WHA and WLBL, is doing work that merits more attention by educators and laymen interested in adult intellectual advancement. The Monday-to-Friday programs are unusually well-planned, sugar-coated with enough interest to attract a large audience. ¶ Mr. H. O. Davis of Ventura writes to inform me that a survey he has just completed shows that the American public spends three hundred million dollars annually, buying and operating receiving sets to listen to programs which annually cost to produce and distribute only fifty million dollars: "in other words," he says, "listeners spend on reception six times the program production and transmission costs." There should be a moral there, somewhere. ¶ The best "Don't" of the month: "Tarzan of the Apes," nationally distributed on records to local stations.

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.



ECHO FROM AUGUST

Mary Pickford arrived in New York from Hollywood on December 12. Some of her newspaper interviewers reported her as saying she had "found comfort in a new religion," and some of THE FORUM's office force was kept busy all the next morning taking telephoned orders for copies of the August issue, in which appeared Miss Pickford's "What Religion Means to Me."

THIS GENTLEMAN IS EXCITED

To the Editor:

In the December number, in "Our Rostrum," THE FORUM states that the *Chicago Tribune* has announced that it will carry no hard-liquor advertisements and implies that this will be the policy of THE FORUM.

The policy of the *Tribune* and THE FORUM in banning hard-liquor advertisements is easily explained when it is understood that the circulation of publications containing hard-liquor advertisements is forbidden by law in nineteen states.

The general public has long since ceased to expect wet fanatics and zealots to make fair statements in a press that is subsidized directly or indirectly (as advertising) by booze.

When the laws restricting hard-liquor advertising are repealed, the *Tribune* and FORUM will both be found running advertising matter of any kind of liquor that may be offered them.

L. G. HOPKINS

Canton, Mo.

The implication is Mr. Hopkins' own. THE FORUM stated: "If, at any time in the future, hard-liquor advertisements appear in THE FORUM, they will be subject to the same censorship which applies to any other class of advertising. . . ." None has yet appeared, but neither has any been censored. Much confusion exists over state laws; but when, as, and if THE FORUM is offered liquor advertising, it will publish it in those states where it may legally do so.

AND STILL THEY WRITE

To the Editor:

There are two items in the December FORUM, about which I desire to raise some serious questions.

First: The Editorial Foreword headed, "Temperance." This statement signed by yourself is but one of a number that are now being foisted upon the public. The statement is unsatisfactory because it so completely ignores essential facts. To defend the use of a habit-forming drug is dangerous, if not foolish. Alcohol is a

habit-forming drug. Just why editors and public men should insist that there can be a moderate use of this habit-forming drug without danger to the user passes intelligent comprehension.

. . . So-called temperance is an exceedingly dangerous practice in these high-speed days. Once the evil of drinking was degrading drunkenness; to-day it is slight intoxication, which completely destroys co-ordination and control. The moderate drinker is the greatest menace on the highway. The fact that automobile accidents caused by intoxicated drivers have increased since the legalization of beer is but a straw in the wind which indicates the coming cyclone. . . .

The second article about which I desire to raise a question is the one written by Mr. William Phillips, "Liquor Control in Canada." The statements made in this article are at variance with the reports of the various Canadian Liquor Commissions. We might expect the official commissions of Canada to praise their various control systems, but when they print statistics showing an increase in arrests for drunkenness and a marked increase in crimes of violence, the figures speak louder than the praise. . . .

. . . Perhaps you will tell me that THE FORUM is a magazine of controversy. . . . But it ought to be honest and accurate before it is anything else.

FRED A. VICTOR

New York, N. Y.

Webster defines the word, "foist," as "to insert surreptitiously; interpolate; pass off (something spurious) as genuine." The December Editorial Foreword was not inserted surreptitiously, and it was a genuine expression of opinion. Also an honest opinion was Mr. Phillips' paper. Let Mr. Victor, who is Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, note that an increase in arrests for drunkenness does not necessarily prove an increase in the offense.

R. H writes to ask: "If the Wets could not respect Dr. Clarence True Wilson before repeal, why can they respect him more now? He is just the same. . . . The objectives which Dr. Wilson and the Wets desire are as far apart as the poles . . . there can be no meeting of minds between an advocate of temperance and a total abstainer. . . . Don't you understand that in order to break down and prevent Dry sentiment that will continue to preach total abstinence, you must introduce the use of liquor into the poorest and humblest homes? . . ." *From*

Montana, a reader declares: "The beverage use of alcohol in our day is an anachronism hindering the well-being of mankind."

*** From Rochester: "I thoroughly believe in a federal bureau controlling liquor distribution. . . ." *** And from Philadelphia: "I hope that you are publishing articles on the liquor question in future FORUMS, as we are only started on this problem. . . ."

MRS. COLUM MARCHES ON

To the Editor:

. . . I have been greatly impressed with Mrs. Colum's obvious critical ability and with the grasp which she shows of publishing problems in this country. When she says: "The literary potentialities of America are indeed tremendous, but what is needed above everything is a hardening of literary standards among publishers and editors; for the standards of that portion of the public which reads is quite high — probably rather higher than in most countries," I feel like throwing my hat in the air and shouting lustily. . . .

NORMAN V. DONALDSON

New Haven, Conn.

This is simply to record my delight with the first of the series by Mary Colum. I shall look forward with the greatest interest to the others. Here is a literary commentator who really says something.

THOMAS H. UZZELL

New York, N. Y.

. . . It takes a woman to write criticism like that, straight away to the point, with no preferred attitudes lurking in the background of her mind, no fancy feathering of literary theory to her light shafts. I might have said that myself, about so many people using our literary inheritance to give themselves "ordinary, everyday self-expression," only I would have said it with resentment, and Mary Colum is too clear-souled for resentment. What I am trying to say about her criticism is that it always catches my breath to find it so impersonal and so intense.

MARY AUSTIN

Santa Fé, N. M.

BRADFORD MALIGNED

Dale Warren, publicity man for Houghton Mifflin Company, who published The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford, writes:

I think that your very astute and discriminating critic, Mary Colum, misleads her readers in the contrasting picture she presents of Hervey Allen and Gamaliel

OUR ROSTRUM

Bradford in your December issue. Speaking of Allen's "life of adventure as a soldier, student, teacher, and wanderer," she says that it is this type of experience that produces a "real writer"; whereas Bradford, "a sort of museum piece" who shrank "from life as from something dangerous" and inherited a comfortable house and income, lived the life of "a librarian who wrote books."

I can think of no man who would have so greatly envied the life of Hervey Allen as Gamaliel Bradford, or would have been so quick to recognize the general truth behind Mrs. Colum's statement. Those who did not know him personally could easily draw this conclusion from the fact that such men of action as Caesar Borgia, Napoleon, Casanova, Byron, Robert E. Lee, Theodore Roosevelt, Mussolini, and Lenin—to mention but a few—were among the personalities upon whom he lavished time and thought.

By failing, however, to complete the picture, Mrs. Colum intimates that both writers were equally free in the matter of choice. She implies that Bradford isolated himself because he wished to, and that he purposely eschewed contact with men and affairs so that he might "get in as much reading as possible."

From childhood Bradford was a confirmed invalid, inheriting the disease which had proved fatal to many members of his family. When his brother died at the age of nine it was expected that he would soon follow and it was thought unnecessary to "educate him for the grave." He thus educated himself "through illness, a vagrant imagination, and wide, erratic reading." After a few weeks at Harvard and an attempt at European travel his main concern was how to keep himself alive. This was accomplished by turning into a hospital his home in Wellesley Hills, from which he seldom stirred for more than fifty years, and by preserving his will to live by an almost superhuman effort.

When Mrs. Colum outlines his daily schedule of work, which had "the inhumanity of an ant's," she does not explain that this was imposed by outside circumstances over which he had no control, nor does she give any hint whatsoever that he was not physically the most robust of men. . . .

LIBERAL OR REACTIONARY?

To the Editor:

. . . I think THE FORUM has done a public service in printing Mr. Flynn's attack on the NRA ("Scrap the NRA," January FORUM). With the larger part of his analysis concerning the way NRA came into being and the way it works I am in agreement. I think, however, that a somewhat more generous allowance might be made for its immediate social

achievements, especially in diminishing child labor.

I am not in agreement, either, with his slogan, "Scrap the NRA," unless he has a much more definite plan to suggest for bettering it than is contained in his closing paragraph. As a socialist I do not believe that any board can plan for our economic life until our chief industries and resources are socialized and we have adopted consciously the point of view that industry should work for use and not for the profit of an owning class. Moreover as a socialist I believe that the tendency to concentration revealed and emphasized by NRA is inherent in capitalism. I suspect nevertheless that the business outcry for scrapping NRA will be greater than Mr. Flynn believes. It will arise from small businesses which find the codes socially burdensome and from large businesses which object even to the small measure of social control involved. The degree to which big business welcomes the codes is the degree to which workers want to be on guard. I have frequently said that unless some of the machinery and the right to organize contained in the codes can be used to assist in the processes of genuine socialization they are likely to be used to assist in a process, at first perhaps unconscious, of making America fascist—probably not, under that name. . . .

NORMAN THOMAS

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Flynn is too confident that the NRA is an instrument of reaction. It all depends upon how it is operated and whether you measure it against what would have happened without it or against the ideal.

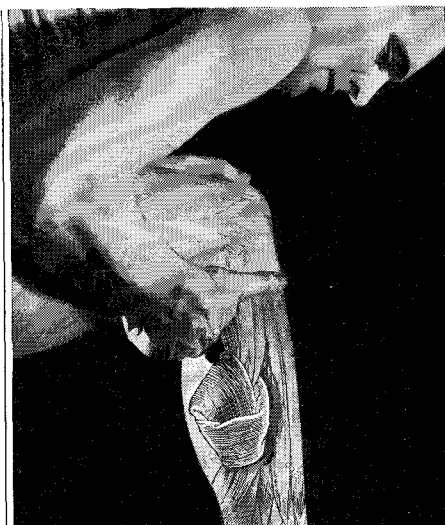
In the emergency provisions the liberals ought to welcome any attempt to pull us out of the depression by raising wages. That is something new and would not have happened without the NRA. Such steps may be nullified, of course, by having prices raised faster than wages. The liberals standing off and criticizing rather than standing behind and controlling might be more helpful. In any event, the standard of living of the wage-earner is no worse off than it would have been. . . .

In the long run, the NRA will have given industry a push toward cartels, but that need be an anti-liberal measure only if the liberals let the conservatives dominate the NRA machinery. . . . it is not at all clear that it is an agency of reaction but it will certainly become so if the liberals refuse to support it.

WILLIAM F. OGBURN

Chicago, Ill.

Professor Ogburn was formerly a member of the NRA Consumers' Advisory Board, but



SORE MUSCLES? Soothe away those KNOTS OF PAIN ...here's speedy relief

● Untie those knots that cramp your muscles with pain. When your muscles feel like they're tied in knots—when they're cramped and kinked with pain—here's the way to relax, and relieve, and soothe them almost like magic.

Just rub on Absorbine Jr. Massage its soothing balm deep down into those sore spots. And then—a wonderful thing happens. A delicious warmth penetrates through your ailing muscles. A pleasant glow kindles—the hurt subsides—steals gently away.

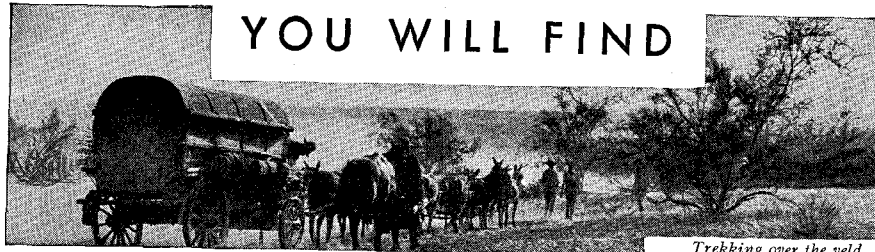
It's as simple as that! And it works!

So, if you must get thwacks, thumps, or bruises—or over-exercise—it's best to keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. around. Athletes, coaches, and trainers swear by it—for more than 40 years it has been a standby with them. For strains, and sprains, for ailing muscles of every kind, Absorbine Jr. is solid comfort in liquid form. Price \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 287 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, bruises, burns, muscular aches, cuts, sprains, abrasions, sleeplessness. Used by thousands for "Athlete's Foot"

YOU WILL FIND

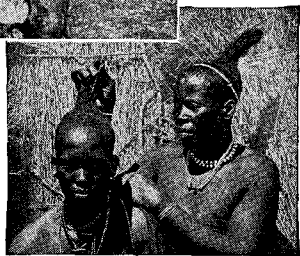


Trekking over the veld

NEW LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA!



Lion and lioness in South Africa's great game sanctuary



Zulu hair-dressing

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African game at close range in Kruger National Park; the Alp-like Drakensberg, the Congo Caves, and the primitive Bantu, with their picturesque life and customs.

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What Religion Means to Me

by Madame Chiang Kai-shek

The wife of China's soldier-statesman will contribute the fifth paper in this important series. Papers by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mary Pickford, Pearl Buck, and Viscountess Nancy Astor have already appeared.

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OUR ROSTRUM

resigned last August after a dispute with its Chairman, Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey.

A third and still differing opinion on John T. Flynn's article is presented by Grover A. Whalen, former NRA Administrator for New York City. He claims that the paper is “lacking in fairness and understanding of the fact that recovery is an entire program and not alone the National Industrial Recovery Act.” It is also complicated unnecessarily, Mr. Whalen says, by the injection of “extensive observations about what the United States Chamber of Commerce might have done toward recovery.” And, it is stated, the article is unsound: “The writer's statements to the effect that ‘the collective-bargaining clause has been completely denatured,’ and that ‘there is no evidence that this number (4,000,000) of men have gone back to work,’ are either purposely misleading or ill-advised. His statistics concerning business conditions also fail to check up with day-to-day facts that are well known to business men.”

GERMAN ARMAMENT

To the Editor:

... Mr. Brandt's statistics (“Germany Rearms,” January FORUM) of the trained man power of Germany are ultra-conservative. I have seen detailed estimates showing that the present trained man power is in the neighborhood of 2,500,000 men, which I believe to be more nearly accurate.

All that Mr. Brandt says, looking toward Germany's active war preparations, is confirmed from many directions. There can be no question that the entire nation is being put upon a war basis. The marvel is that the Allies, and especially France, against whom these activities are directed, stand idly, permitting these daily violations of the Treaty until it is perhaps too late to assert their rights without a prolonged war.

In the light of what is happening, the monotonous, continuous peace protestations of Hitler and his satellites are the most hollow sort of mockery, which no one in any part of the world for a moment believes, in the light of the known facts. I am sure that Mr. Brandt's article will accomplish a useful purpose.

SAMUEL UNTERMYER

New York, N. Y.

I have read Mr. Albert Brandt's article, “Germany Rearms,” with interest. I only wish that it were true. Unfortunately, God—as in the days of Napoleon—is still on the side of the heaviest artillery. Germany is incapable of opposing even her minor neighbors, such as Czechoslovakia or Poland, without tanks, without military planes, and without heavy guns. These things cannot be improvised. The

Investment LITERATURE

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

35 QUESTIONS — 36 ANSWERS. An interesting booklet which attempts to anticipate your questions about independence fund trusts and answer them. Prepared by Independence Fund of North America, Inc., 1 Cedar St., New York City.

PACIFIC LIGHTING CORPORATION. A description of the history and development of the corporation, location of properties, and the financial statements of the holding company and its subsidiaries. Pacific Lighting Corp., 433 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

HOW TO PROTECT YOUR CAPITAL AND ACCELERATE ITS GROWTH. When to buy and when to sell — an interesting discussion of these questions from the technical viewpoint is presented in this folder. A. W. Wetsel Advisory Service, 1540 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

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Financial Department

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situation does not change, even if Germany imports a few thousand tons of cotton, a few thousand tons of scrap iron, and a few thousand tons of cellulose beyond her immediate needs. . . .

The statement that Germany is governed by the militaristic spirit is a falsehood that cannot be reconciled with the actions of the German government. . . . Peace can be safeguarded only by strict equality in arms. . . .

Mr. Brandt's analysis of the military forces of the New Germany can hardly be taken seriously. If we applied the same standard to the United States and counted every policeman, every member of the R. O. T. C., every member of the militia, every deputy sheriff, every war veteran, every member of the C. C. C., every member of the American Legion, every Boy Scout (not to speak of the members of the army and navy of the United States) as part of the trained man power of the United States, we would reach a total of more than five million. That, according to the same shallow reasoning as that of Mr. Brandt, would signify that the United States is four times more militaristic than Germany! . . .

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

New York, N. Y.

STRONG PRAISE

To the Editor:

Miss Strong's article ("The Soviets Pay Their Bills," January FORUM) is one of the most brilliant bits of writing that has come out of Miss Strong's pen. I am sure that anyone who has had intimate associations with Russia and the Russians will endorse every word she says. Regardless of whether or not we approve of Russia's politics, economics, or sociology, people in this country, especially business men, want to know what sort of a business risk Russia is. Miss Strong answers the question with the authority of one who knows her facts as few people in the world know them. I have known Miss Strong for about ten years, or ever since I have begun going to Russia. She is one of the bravest and most intelligent women I know, and while she and I disagree on many things in Russia, I have utmost respect for her ability to deal pointedly and courageously with delicate and abstruse subjects.

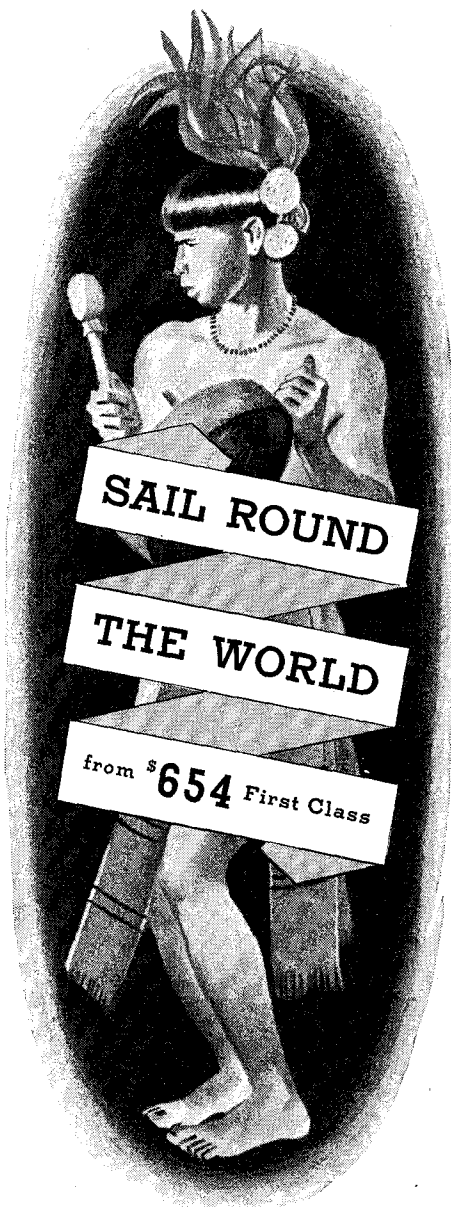
MAURICE HINDUS

New York, N. Y.

THE TEARDROP QUESTION

Ralph Budd, President of the Burlington Lines, has some pertinent things to say in connection with Russell Holt Peters' article "Teardrops for Tears" (January FORUM), about the new streamlined trains on the Union Pacific and Burlington:

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passenger service, but our present thought is that the streamline units will be especially adapted to daylight local runs where mail, express, baggage, and passengers are all handled, but none in very large quantities. . . . I do not believe that there will be much increase in revenue from passenger business because of the lowering of fares. . . . The small private automobile on the highway is so economical and so convenient and desirable for short-distance travel that it seems folly to talk about displacing that method of traveling, and that method of traveling accounts for nearly all the loss of local business to the railroads. . . . While we are going to do the most that can be done with such an evolutionary unit, I do not believe we gain particularly by overstating the expectations and I do not expect the passenger business in the future to account for much more revenue than it does now; I hope we may recover somewhat more of the gross passenger revenue into net income, by lowering the cost of operation."

LIQUOR CONTROL IN SWEDEN

Helmer Key, editor of a leading Swedish newspaper and an economist of world-wide standing, has some pertinent remarks inspired by THE FORUM's recent discussions of the liquor question:

"The 'Bratt' system — named after its originator, Dr. Ivan Bratt — has long been in force in this country for the sale of alcoholic liquor. This system presumes a control of customers by the local wine-and-spirit monopoly companies, and it is hard for a foreigner to say whether it would work in the United States.

"Sales are regulated by the issuance of a control or permit book to every person entitled to buy wines and spirits. The permit may be taken up in cases of flagrant abuse of the regulations, but it is well known that there are plenty of illegal ways of procuring liquor.

"In Norway and Finland — where prohibition has now been abolished — the sale of liquor is almost unrestricted, so far without undesirable consequences. The Danish system consists in raising the price of spirituous liquor by taxation so heavy as to reduce consumption. This has, however, the drawback of encouraging bootleggers and stills in the homes. Socially, it must also be considered unfair, as it hits those who are well off less than others. It is, as a matter of fact, considered in Denmark to be ripe for abolishment.

"The Bratt restrictions in Sweden for a considerable period after their introduction had an effect which, in my opinion, was favorable. But since then, people have been learning different ways of life. Temperance in the consumption of alcoholic liquor has become the order of the

day, and the training necessary when taking part in sports has taught young people in particular to value a sober life. This social movement has contributed to the reduction of spirit consumption, independent of any system of restrictions.

"Our Swedish habits of life have thus probably reached the stage meant by the Editor of THE FORUM when he speaks of temperance being 'fashionable.'"

THE HOLMES CODE

To the Editor:

Dr. Holmes has said so many things in this article ("A Code for the Churches," January FORUM) that I have preached so long, that I might have thought most of it was mine, if it had not been written in a finer literary style than I am accustomed to write. On his seventh point I would say that God is here, and we are his children working out a great destiny. . . .

PETER AINSLIE

Baltimore, Md.

RELIGION IN CHINA

The list of distinguished women who have contributed to THE FORUM's series on "What Religion Means to Me" will soon receive a valuable addition with the publication of a paper by Mayling Soong Chiang, wife of His Excellency Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, China's great soldier-statesman. In a letter from the Generalissimo's headquarters in Nanching, Kiangsi, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek says she hopes her article will be satisfactory and apologizes for tardiness in sending it. She writes: "I am constantly on the move. The last two months I have been following the army as it penetrated into the mountainous stronghold of the communist-bandits, and only returned to Nanching last week." Needless to say, her article is entirely "satisfactory," and it will appear in an early spring issue.

A BOUQUET FOR FITZPATRICK

Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, author of the five cartoons reprinted from the St. Louis Post Dispatch in the January FORUM, writes to praise the arrangement of his work and to remark that it did not go entirely unnoticed: "It may interest you to know the President asked for the original of 'Opening Fire on the New Deal,' and I had a most gracious letter from him. The one of the boys at the power dam evidently impressed Mr. Moley and Mr. Stewart of Today, as it inspired the cover I have on their current issue."

EDUCATIONAL OUTING

The Editor as an official of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, announces the third annual Seminar in the Caribbean, to be held in Cuba from March 7th to 14th, 1934. Address THE FORUM for rates. The usual good time will be had by all, revolution or no.

THE FORUM AND • CENTURY



HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

LIFE ENDS AT FORTY

Anonymous

Here is the frustration of a human soul laid bare — a human soul surrounded by a protective shell of resignation, but bitterly disappointed nevertheless. A middle-aged spinster, sincerity in every word she writes, tells what she thinks of the smug sentimentality that stifled her half a lifetime.

EFFICIENCY UNIVERSITY

John Flagg Gummere

The complaint that colleges rear young men in an atmosphere of cloistered idealism without real preparation for life is a common one. Here is the perfect answer. The author's proposition, if executed, would soon have the complainants howling that the young men were being trained too well.

DECENT CHRISTIAN BURIAL

Marian Castle

Not only are Christian burial customs superstitious relics of a dead past, says Mrs. Castle, but they are

saturated with the stupid, petty prejudice and jealousy of our daily life. Why all this concern for the dead, she asks, when there is so much to be done for the living?

SUBSISTENCE FARM, NEW STYLE

Eleanor Roosevelt

Men have been going "back to the land" periodically for a long time, but the New Deal has brought a new conception of the idea. This is the story of the subsistence farmstead — part agricultural, part industrial — by a national leader in social betterment.

WHAT HAPPENS AT LOURDES?

H. Flanders Dunbar

This has been called the age of miracles, but it is science rather than faith that is regarded as the wonder-worker. And yet in a little village in provincial France there are occurring miracles which science cannot explain. Dr. Dunbar maintains that the modern world has ignored psychological truths of immense importance to humanity.

PUT RELIGION IN ITS PLACE

Henry A. Wallace

Business, politics, international affairs have come to a dangerous impasse. The Secretary of Agriculture, a leader in America's newest experiment, pleads that religion be brought back into all of human relations.

YOUTH TAKES TO THE ROAD

Jeanette Dickie

The growth of the British Youth Hostel Association may herald the rise of a young people's movement there parallel to those in Germany, in Italy, and in Russia.

OTHER FEATURES

"An American Manifesto," by Archibald MacLeish; "What Price Farm Leadership?" a study of the Middle West's farm program, by Russell H. Peters; "A Code for the Housewife," by Catherine Hackett; "One More Hero," a short story, by Edwin Corle; "Man's Electric Brain," a scientific article, by John Langdon-Davies.

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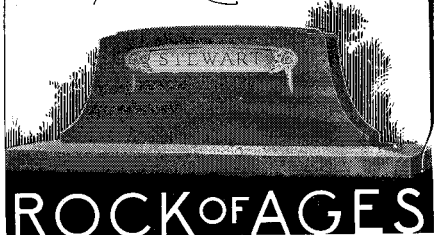
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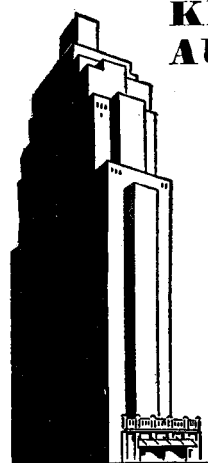
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TOASTS

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK (Mayling Soong Chiang) is the wife of China's famous war lord, statesman, and President. She is a Wellesley graduate, and both she and her husband are Christians.

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, now retired from active participation in banking affairs, is a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and President of the National City Bank of New York.

ERNEST GRUENING, a former newspaper man and the author of two books on Central and South America, was a member of the United States delegation to the recent Pan-American Conference at Montevideo, Uruguay.

MARY M. COLUM, known better for her incisive literary criticism, is also a writer of short stories.

H. H. RAILEY is a former newspaper man and a familiar magazine contributor. He is an expert on central European affairs. At present he is engaged in the practice of public relations in New York.

EDWARD A. FILENE is President of the well-known Boston concern of William Filene's Sons and has for years been prominent in efforts to promote scientific methods in business affairs.

THOMAS HANDFORTH is a native of Tacoma, Washington, but has spent a great deal of his life wandering about in Africa and the Orient.

EARL CHAPIN MAY has been such widely varied things as cornetist in a tent show and advertising manager for a candy concern. As a reporter for the *Minneapolis Journal* he once covered the "lumber run."

KENNETH S. CLARK is a graduate of Princeton University. He has written lyrics and music for several songs that figured in Broadway productions and has conducted surveys of American music that were embodied in his two books, *Municipal Aid to Music in America* and *Music in Industry*.

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON has been occupied recently in surveying the reactions of American women to the New Deal. Between hops she found time to collaborate on a play now running on Broadway.

FELIX NOLAND, otherwise Mrs. Richard Noland, lives in Minnesota. She learned to write the Negro speech of "Ozella" during her girlhood days in Mississippi.

RAGNA B. ESKIL hails from upper Michigan. She admits to having been a writer of advertising copy and author of a few short plays and magazine articles.

IRVING BACHELLER was a New York newspaper man for years and is the author of such well-known novels as *Eben Holden* and *A Man for the Ages*.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN, author and lecturer, is a popular writer of light verse.

CYRUS FISHER has written two detective stories and is working on a history of the drama.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF



WORK OF ART, by Sinclair Lewis (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). With this book Mr. Lewis, the glorified reporter, comes into his own again. He has turned his attention to hotels — and by the time he gets through any diligent reader ought to be able to run the Waldorf-Astoria itself. His hero is Myron Weagle, a lifelong monomaniac whose father ran a grubby hostelry for commercial travelers in a small Connecticut town. Hotels were Myron's passion, and, though his worthless "literary" brother thought him an unimaginative clod, his was an artist's love. Painstakingly he served his long apprenticeship, learning all the myriad details of cooking, service, marketing, management, and climbing by painful stages to a position of real eminence in the hotel world. Then he attempted to fulfill his dream of the Perfect Inn, only to meet with the most abject kind of failure. Slowly he slipped down the ladder again, only to find in the end that a midwestern commercial hotel or a tourists' camp could serve as vehicles for his dream of perfection. *Work of Art* satirizes no definite American type, is less angry and purposeful than most of Lewis's novels. Nevertheless it is an excellent and engrossing story, rich in the kind of detail that Sinclair Lewis best knows how to give.

OVER HERE 1914-1918, Vol. V of *Our Times*, by Mark Sullivan (Scribner, \$3.75). It was to be expected that the nearer Mr. Sullivan came to the present day, the harder his self-appointed task would be. Too many people stand ready to check him up. *Over Here* covers the period of the war years in America and the quality of America's reaction. It is a soberer book than most of its predecessors, with less space dedicated to songs and folkways, and more to conventional history. One cannot quite treat the War and Wilson in an *Only Yesterday* spirit. The record as Mr. Sullivan spreads it out is painful, unbelievable, and funny all at once — but mostly it is painful. "Could we really have been such dupes?" is one's instinctive reaction. Mr. Sullivan, one feels, is sometimes a little shaky at historical interpretation, but what color he has introduced is good, and he has done a useful service in demonstrating how the War Administration, with its various emergency measures, sowed the seed for Roosevelt and the NRA.

BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE, by Peter Fleming (Scribner, \$2.75). This is a warning to all who dislike travel books and feel coldly toward explorers. *Brazilian Adventure* is quite literally in a class by itself, and you will be sorry if you miss it. Young Mr.

Fleming, a literary editor and a graduate of Eton and Oxford, was first impelled toward Brazil by an advertisement in the Agony Column of *The London Times*. Thereupon he and some like-minded spirits joined an expedition which had been sketchily organized to search for the vanished Colonel Fawcett. It was, Mr. Fleming insists, a highly comic venture — despite the fact that it led to dangerous, untrodden territory in the interior of Brazil and despite the very acute hardships which it entailed. The villain of the piece is a certain "Major Pingle," with whom Mr. Fleming and some fellow rebels soon fell out, and the exciting and hilarious climax of the book is a race to the sea by inland rivers between the two rival parties. Mr. Fleming writes brilliantly, wittily, and with a charming disregard for sacrosanct traditions. He is inclined to wisecrack, and to minimize his feats to the point of pose, but much may be forgiven of so good and so supremely entertaining a book.

THE MOTHER, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day, \$2.50). Consciously to write of the eternal verities is a ticklish matter — and

to call a book *The Mother* is brave indeed. As her admirers might have expected, however, Mrs. Buck survives the test. The Chinese woman of her story is a person as well as a type — strong, hot-tempered, and ardently maternal. Because of her three children she was able to bear the sudden disappearance of her pretty, lazy, irresponsible husband and to toil alone on the land in order that they might be fed. She was sufficiently human, besides, to concoct fine lies about his desertion, so that she might not be shamed. The portion of the mother (who has no concrete name) is a hard one. Like all the Chinese of her class, she is grindingly poor; one child is blind and early dead; another is beheaded as a communist. Day follows day until the mother finds that she is no longer young, that her son's wife has supplanted her, that her life is spent. To the end, however, she retains a certain earthy vitality which has always made her reasonably contented with her lot. Mrs. Buck, in her usual simple, half-biblical prose, has told a story which is strangely satisfying, despite its lack of complexity, and which compares very favorably indeed with *The Good Earth*.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

A MODERN TRAGEDY, by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan, \$2.50). Like *Inheritance*, this is a novel of industrial conflict in Yorkshire — although the conflict belongs to the present and not to the Victorian past. Sorely crippled by the depression, the various textile manufacturers of Hudley and its environs struggle to keep their heads above water. One of them, an unscrupulous newcomer named Leonard Tasker, spins a web of deceit and false practice which ultimately involves in his own ruin several of the leading mill owners of the West Riding. He uses as his tool and dupe a certain ingenuous young weakling named Walter Haigh, and Walter's moral disintegration is the primary theme of the book. Characterization is not Miss Bentley's strongest point — and this is especially true of *A Modern Tragedy*. Her picture of men in the grip of forces beyond their control is, however, excellent. Both mill hands and masters act as they must, and as the economic vise tightens about them they are hopelessly torn between conflicting loyalties and impulses. Miss Bentley has written an exciting and quite powerful novel, less moving than *Inheritance* and less charming than *Carr*, but one that deals in dramatic terms with the modern economic dilemma.

THE FIRST BILLION, by John K. Winkler (Vanguard, \$2.50). Adding to his portraits of Morgan and Carnegie, Mr. Winkler now tells the story of the Stillmans and the National City Bank. He tells it in his own characteristic fashion — clipped, breezy, wholly journalistic. Never sparing of revealing anecdote, he gives a clear-cut picture of the elder Stillman, that small, enigmatic, silent man who with Baker, Harriman, Morgan, and the Rockefellers was one of the great powers of his day. With surprising restraint he minimizes the more lurid domestic misfortunes of the Stillman tribe and concentrates instead on James Stillman's relentless climb to the heights. The story is told for its own sake, with little mention of its devastating implications. Mr. Winkler is always the reporter — and if his history is somewhat too superficial and too personal it nevertheless makes the liveliest kind of reading.

AT 33, by Eva Le Gallienne (Longmans, Green, \$3.50). Nobody and nothing, it is obvious, could have stopped Eva Le Gallienne. Hers is the autobiography of a person with endless tenacity and courage and a dominating will. As the child of Richard Le Gallienne and Julie Norregaard she was early accustomed to meeting artists, writers, and especially actors. She had determined to go on the stage when she was still a youngster in Paris, worshipping at Bernhardt's shrine, and from that determination she never

swerved. *At 33* records her struggle upwards, her first appearance in London, her early agonizing misadventures in America, her rise to fame in *Liliom* and *The Swan*, her difficult and daring creation of the Civic Repertory Theatre. Since Miss Le Gallienne is an actress rather than a writer, the record is more stripped and bare than one could wish, not personal enough, not rich enough in anecdote and detail. It is an amazing story, however, and Miss Le Gallienne writes with an electric crispness which somewhat compensates for other defects.

YOUTH CAN'T BE SERVED, by Norah Hoult (Harper, \$2.50). Although it is no news that youth must make its own mistakes, Miss Hoult has managed to play an engaging variation on this ancient theme. Ridden by dim cravings for freedom and a fuller life, the young Boyces escape from home to love and lodgings (and incidentally loneliness) in London. They do a great many silly things — which Miss Hoult describes very comically indeed — and they return to their nice, commonplace parents chastened and presumably wiser. Miss Hoult is an accurate and entertaining observer of human foibles, and she knows her middle-class nonentities from tip to toe. *Youth Can't Be Served* is a fresher, livelier, and more amusing book than its slightly stale plot might indicate.

FAREWELL VICTORIA, by T. H. White (Smith & Haas, \$2.00). The influence of *Cavalcade* has seeped into fiction. This quiet elegy to Victorianism, written in lovely, limpid prose, is as much a panorama as a novel. Mundy was born in 1858. He was stableboy and then groom to one of the feudal county families; he fought in Africa; he was coachman to an eccentric countess; in his old age he drove a hack. Mundy died serenely at eighty-three, and during his long uncomplaining life he had seen the face of the world change without markedly feeling its effect. By swift, deft touches, by his own editorial comments, Mr. White revivifies that dead world and demonstrates the extent of the change. Though hardly exciting, his book has a tranquil, nostalgic charm.

TWICE SHY, by D. M. Low (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). Fairly clever, and fairly amusing, this is a satirical tale of a town on the Italian Riviera which in winter is pre-empted by a stodgy British colony. The plot is slight and unimportant. What matters is Mr. Low's caricature of life as it is led by the winter residents. The book needs compression, but is reasonably diverting.

WEDDING SONG, by David Burnham (Viking, \$2.50). Almost aggressively a

BOOKS IN BRIEF

"sophisticated" novel, this is a story of various young Italians and Americans — strange, rootless, witty creatures — who are summering together in Venice. Chiefly it concerns the children of an American millionaire, Kit and Narcissa, the latter of whom is married to a dissolute Italian nobleman. Elaborate intrigue and unlicensed love are the keynotes of a book which seems singularly empty and artificial, despite its cleverness, and which is sadly inferior to Mr. Burnham's first novel, *This Our Exile*.

DAVID, by Naomi Royde-Smith (Viking, \$1.75). Miss Royde-Smith, always an exceptionally skilled writer, has produced far better books than this fragile little tale of spiritualism which poses an enigma for the individual reader to solve. Her portrait of Lady Mildred, the spoiled, dreamy beauty who turns to a medium for comfort after her small son's death, is, in its way, a good study in egoism. On the whole, however, the book is thin, flat, and not especially convincing.

POEMS, 1924-1933, by Archibald MacLeish (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00). The author's foreword to this neatly printed volume explains that "This book is not a 'collected edition' of my poems. . . . What I have done here has been to select from poems already published and from poems not yet published, those pieces I can now reread without embarrassment. The test has, I confess, no objective value." This modest disclaimer to the contrary, the test has succeeded in numbering among the sixty-one poems all the best of MacLeish's work, including the longer efforts of "The Pot of Earth," "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish," and "Conquistador," as well as the recent "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City. . . ." In the group of earlier verses this reviewer detected only one substantial revision — in "Cook County" — a revision whose point he does not see but in which he is willing to defer to Mr. MacLeish's sense of embarrassment. In the unpublished verse there is a notable effort called "1933" — notable chiefly for its trenchant expression of the author's social and political philosophy. Whether or not he is at his best when he thus (and elsewhere) departs from the more purely lyric manner, here is a phenomenon very rare today — a poet who is not a Marxist and who still refuses to disregard the problems which his world is facing.

A SHADOW PASSES, by Eden P. Jipotts (Macmillan, \$2.00). The last of a trilogy, *The Book of Avis*, this brings to an end the life of an unmoral, but in so sense immoral, woman. Avis Bryden is a successful middle-class farmer in contemporary England, loved and admired by friends who

know her only by outward appearances. Her son alone knows her true nature — a soulless nature, motivated by the desire for power. To the attainment of power, Avis commits murder, and the knowledge of his mother's crimes, which she intended should elevate him to her level, hangs as a shadow over Peter's otherwise happy and God-fearing married life. In his struggle against the strength of his mother's will and the burden on his Christian conscience, lies the plot. Assuming some action and this thread of plot, the book may be described as a potpourri — equal parts of philosophy and psychology, a dash of mystery, a few drops of synthetic background — but, although well blended, it leaves us thirsty.

HAPPY JOURNEYS TO YESTERDAY, by George Aubrey Hastings (Putnam's, \$2.00). Squeaky shoes, covered bridges, stone walls, attics, patchwork quilts! This is the sturdy prose of an up-state New York country boy. It is a comfortable book in which to pasture your mind when your detective story begins to pall.

AMERICAN PREACHERS OF TO-DAY, by Edgar DeWitt Jones (Bobbs Merrill, \$2.00). Here is a useful book for congregations who wish to fill their church by inviting a visiting parson to preach on a special occasion. Scores of leading preachers are listed under denominations, and biographical chapters are devoted to thirty-one of them.

SELECTED POEMS, by Oliver St. John Gogarty (Macmillan, \$2.00). Dr. Gogarty enriches the stream of contemporary Irish poetry with verse that cuts swiftly and cleanly and is at the same time both competent and casual. The fact that he is by profession not a poet but a surgeon gives him freedom to sing of love in its imperfections as well as its perfect idealization, of her "whose faults are an improvement!"

COSMOPOLITAN CONVERSATION, by Herbert Newhard Shenton (Columbia, \$7.50). In the belief that a problem well stated is half solved Professor Shenton presents the subject of cosmopolitan conversation by means of a study in broad outlines of the various phases of language problems affecting international conferences. Starting with the first international civilian conference of note, which took place in London in 1840, he has compiled a complete list of international conferences and their participating nationalities down to 1929. As a reference book *Cosmopolitan Conversation* will be of great practical value to international organizations; as a compelling argument for the simplification of the language tangle it is even more important.

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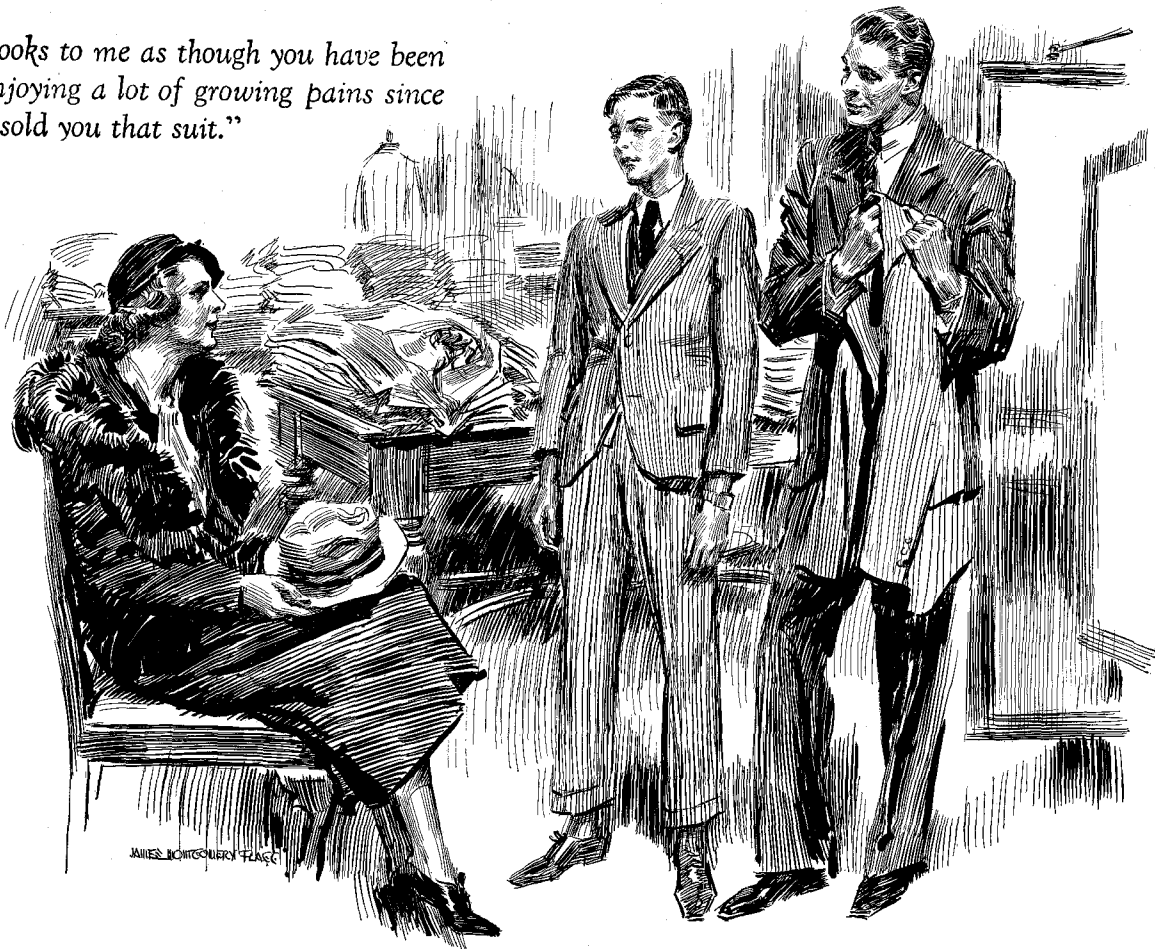
Name Age

Address

City State

The "Growing Pains" Delusion

"Looks to me as though you have been enjoying a lot of growing pains since I sold you that suit."



CONTRARY to widespread belief, children do not suffer pain just because Nature is making their bones longer and their muscles stronger. It does not hurt to grow.

Whenever a child suffers from so-called "growing pains," a thorough investigation should be made by a physician.

"Growing pains" come from definite causes. Among them are improper nourishment, muscular fatigue following over-exertion, exposure to cold or inclement weather when not suitably clothed, improper posture which may induce flat feet, round shoulders, round back, flat chest, pot-belly, curvature of the spine. Tuberculosis of the joints is a rare cause.

One of the most serious causes of "growing pains" in childhood is rheumatic infection.



Indeed, if it is disregarded, it may lead to permanent damage to the heart.

The onset of rheumatic infection is often so insidious that its danger to the heart may be unsuspected. This infection may cause a sore throat, as well as pains in the legs, arms or elsewhere; occasionally St. Vitus' dance. Sometimes it is accompanied by a steady, low fever. A child with rheumatic infection may look anemic, may be listless and may have no desire to romp and play. He may have little appetite and may lose weight.

While sunshine, rest, fresh air and nourishing food often help Nature to effect a cure if the disease has not progressed too far, do not delay having a needed medical examination if your child has "growing pains." He may be in great danger—the danger of permanent heart trouble.

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